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EARNEST WOMEN

THEIR EFFORTS, STRUGGLES,
AND TRIUMPHS.



LONDON, EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK.

EARNEST WOMEN:

THEIR EFFORTS, STRUGGLES,
AND TRIUMPHS.

By

JOSEPH JOHNSON,

*Author of "Self Effort," "Living in Earnest," "Living to Purpose,"
&c. &c.*

"Men's due deserts each reader may recite,
For men of men do make a goodly show;
But women's works can seldom come to light,
No mortal man their famous acts may know.
Few writers will a little time bestow,
The worthy acts of women to repeat
Though their renown and their deserts be great."

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Preface.

T has been suggested to the publishers that the original title of this book—"Willing Hearts and Ready Hands"—imperfectly indicated its contents; and that while it commends useful labour as the sure road to the attainment of the "luxury" which accrues from "doing good," it is in fact a record of the achievements and noble lives of women who have devoted themselves to deeds of goodness, and who have earned the high designation of Earnest Women. This has induced the change in the title. The author, however, has had the satisfaction of knowing that large editions of his little book, under the old title, have been circulated in America and in the Colonies, and that it has been not less welcome in many families at home. He trusts, therefore, that under a new form and title, and with several improvements, the examples of loving and useful lives it records may be still more useful in being a stimulus and incentive to wise and truthful living, and may be the means of inducing many a dear and good girl to become an earnest woman.

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"Thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell :
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray :
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek ,
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shail remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled."

EARNEST WOMEN.

I.

In Filial Affection.

“And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from the best of duties ever shrink?”

KIRKE WHITE.



FILIAL love is holy and of divine origin. It is the first dweller in the heart; it indicates, by its constancy and endurance, the simplicity and purity of the affections. Not to love those who have fondly loved us, who have denied themselves comfort and ease in order that they might solace us in sickness, and shield us from pain and distress; who have surrounded us with pleasures in infancy, advantages in youth, and anticipated benefits in age, exhibits a barrenness of natural affection rarely to be seen even in those countries which are unenlightened by reason and

unblessed by revelation. Nay, indeed, in those dark places of the earth where Christianity has not yet shed its benign influence, the love and affection of filial devotion, the honour and respect which accompanies old age, are certain evidences that nowhere has God left himself without witness, and that even in the most dark and desolate regions there are divine rays—developments of that love which can only come from the Father. But if the dwellers in darkness, far away from civilization, where there is no Christian instruction, no books, and no Bibles, can thus reverence and thus love, how much more should we, who have the like heart-stimulus—the promptings of natural affection—but who have also the advantage of culture and Christian guidance, love, honour, and obey those who have given us birth, given us many advantages and opportunities, watched and carefully tended the first indications of our minds, guarded us from mental and physical ills, and gently guided us in the way of all truth? Well might Cowper write enduring words in remembrance of his mother :—

“ Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks.
That humour interposed too often makes ;

All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here."

It were strange indeed if the truly great and good did not present instances of filial love—to be wanting in natural affection may well intimate the absence of goodness and the possession of perverse and evil dispositions, which lead to lives of misery, and are the constant source of disappointment and vexation. The Almighty not only commands the exercise of filial affection, but offers promises and blessings as its reward: "Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" "Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." And there can be no doubt that those who have lived the longest, and whose lives have been the happiest, have cherished and remembered their earliest love—the treasured affection for father and mother. The excellent Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, was accustomed, before taking his seat on the bench, to crave on his knees the blessing of his father, who was a judge in a lower court. The eminent Chancellor has not left to posterity a more enduring remembrance than a record of his

home affections; and although his services to the State, ending with the forfeiture of his life, have rendered him one of the most illustrious Englishmen, yet his memory will ever be most cherished in connection with his filial and paternal love and devotion.

Plutarch tells us that Epaminondas, the celebrated Greek general, in the midst of his victories, when he was looked upon as the deliverer of Greece, and when the applause was universal, said: "My joy arises from my sense of that which the news of my victory will give my father and my mother,"—words which do him more honour, and will live longer than the record of the most remarkable of his engagements. Tacitus records an incident which occurred during the exercise of the tyranny of Nero. Bareas Soranus, who was a man of singular vigilance and justice in the discharge of his duty, was thrown into prison by the orders of the tyrant; while there his daughter, Servilia, was apprehended and brought before the judges. The crime of which she was accused was that she had turned into money all her ornaments and jewels, and the most valuable part of her dress, to defray the expense of consulting magicians. To this accusation the young girl replied, "That she had indeed consulted magicians, but the whole of her inquiry was to know whether the Emperor and senate would afford protection and safety to her dear and

indulgent parent against his accusers. With this view," she said, "I presented the diviners, men till now utterly unknown to me, with my jewels, apparel, and the other ornaments peculiar to my quality, as I would have presented my blood and life, could my blood and life have procured my father's liberty." This touching speech, however, served not to move the hearts of her judges; she and her father were condemned to death!

Valerius Maximus relates a singular circumstance in connection with a woman of illustrious birth, who for some offence had been condemned to be strangled. The Roman prætor delivered her to the triumvir, who sent her to prison to be put to death. The gaoler to whom the office was committed could not summon resolution to kill her; he determined, therefore, to let her die of hunger. He suffered her daughter to visit her, but carefully prevented her being supplied with any food. He was astonished, however, to observe, after many days had passed, that his prisoner still lived. On watching the daughter he discovered that she nourished her mother from her own breast! The incident was so extraordinary that, on being publicly related, a decree was passed that the mother and daughter should for the remainder of their lives be maintained by the State, and that a temple "sacred to piety" should be erected near the prison. A similar instance is related of Xantippe, a Roman

lady, who thus supported her father Cimonus while in prison. A more modern circumstance occurred in the winter of 1783, which, in New York, was a period of great distress. An aged couple were so reduced in circumstances as not to have a single piece of wood with which to make a fire. They had up to this time been supported by their daughter, but who now found herself unable to provide them either fuel or food. Accidentally having heard that a dentist had offered to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth that he was allowed to extract, she resolved to sacrifice all her front teeth in order to save her parents from the imminence of starvation. When she disclosed her purpose to the dentist, he was affected to tears by the relation of her filial affection. He refused, however, to avail himself of her offer, and rewarded her love and devotion by a present of ten guineas!

The French Revolution, the record of which is a relation of horrors, presented many instances of filial affection, indulged in at the risk of danger and even of life itself. It is related, amongst other affecting incidents, that Mademoiselle Cazotte, the only child of her father, who was seventy-two years of age, was sent with him to prison. Subsequently she was pronounced innocent, and an order was given to her gaoler to set her at liberty; this, however, she refused to avail herself of, being determined to share her father's fate. On the 2nd of Sep-

tember, when a considerable number of persons had been put to death—the massacre having continued for three hours—a loud cry was raised by the blood-excited mob for Cazotte. When the cry was heard, Elizabeth rushed forward to meet her father's murderers. For an instant her extreme youth, wonderful beauty, and extraordinary courage arrested their dreadful purpose. One more stern and hardened than the rest demanded to know why he was imprisoned with his daughter. "You will find it in the gaoler's book," was the old man's reply. On examination it was found that he was detained as a decided counter-revolutionist. The words were scarcely uttered before an axe was raised to strike off his head. His daughter, wildly shrieking, threw herself upon him, covering him with her body, and, disdaining to descend to unworthy supplications, only demanded to die with him. "Strike, barbarians," she cried; "you cannot reach my father but through my heart!" At this moving spectacle the assassins hesitated, then a single voice was heard to shout pardon; which was presently echoed by a hundred voices. A passage was opened, and father and daughter were conducted with shouts of applause from the human slaughter-house. This was only temporary, however; Cazotte was, on the institution of the Criminal Tribunal, again arrested. This time the old man endeavoured to dissuade his daughter from accompanying him; but prayers, en-

treaties, tears, and even commands were entirely fruitless. "In your company, my father," said the intrepid girl, "I have faced the most cruel assassins; and shall I not be the companion of your new misfortune, in which there is less danger? The hope of saving you will again support me; I will show to your judges your forehead furrowed with age; I will ask them if a man, an old man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow-beings, may not find mercy in the eyes of justice, after having escaped the extreme of danger? if he, whose white hairs could plead with assassins, ought not to receive indulgence from magistrates, one of whose attributes should be mercy? The voice of nature will again be heard, and perhaps I may again save you from the cruel fate which impends over us." Cazotte at last yielded to this earnest appeal; but when they arrived at the prison, Elizabeth was denied admission with her father. In an agony of grief she hastened to the Commune, and to the Minister of the Interior, and by her tears and passionate importuning obtained permission to enter the prison. From that instant she devoted every moment, day and night, to her parent.

On the day of trial Cazotte appeared supported by his daughter. At the affecting sight a murmur ran through the court; Elizabeth could only look upon her father, whom at the trying moment she endeavoured to encourage and console. As the public

accuser proceeded with his statement, fear and hope by turns marked the beautiful countenance of the affectionate girl. Several times she was about to interpose in the proceedings, but was prevented from doing so by the remembrance that her father had imposed silence upon her. At the close of the accusation, which gave no hope for the accused, the poor girl was ready to sink upon the floor, and was only prevented from doing so by the voice of her father, who comforted her in a low tone, pointing as he did so to heaven. When the sentence was about to be pronounced, it was found necessary to remove her from the hall, when she abandoned herself to the utmost despair. For the last time had she looked upon the face of her father; but she had not left the court before impressing upon the hardest heart present that her life would have been cheerfully sacrificed if it could have saved him.

Another thrilling instance of that sanguinary period is related of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, who, when her father was about to be executed, rushed into the presence of his murderers, exclaiming, as she fell at their feet, "Barbarians, hold your hands—he is my father!" She flung herself upon her parent, so that the sword could not reach him without first taking her life. As the executioner hesitated, she supplicated with renewed earnestness for his life. One of the monsters proposed to the devoted girl as the price of her father's safety a most horrible condition:

"Drink," said he, "a glass of blood, and save your father." Nature recoiled within her at the thought of the dreadful condition; but for her father she drained the glass to its dregs! "Innocent or guilty, then," said one of the judges, "it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of this old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl." A general shout of pardon was raised. The daughter was clasped in her father's arms. Those who had come to witness the death of the parent led father and daughter in triumph from the prison!

Upon another occasion, when the Marchioness de Bois Beranger was imprisoned with her father, mother, and younger sister, she cheered them with the thought that they would all die together. She was filled with anguish on learning that in the bill of accusation she was exempted. "You will die, then," she exclaimed, "before me, and I am condemned to survive you. Alas! alas!" she continued, "we shall not die together!" While she was thus bewailing her hard fate, a second accusation arrived in which her name was included. Her tears were at once dried. "See," she cried, as she displayed the accusation; "see, my mother, we shall die together." When the day of execution arrived, she attired herself as if going to a joyous meeting, cutting off the long tresses of her fine hair with her own hand. She left the prison supporting her mother, who was almost powerless with excess of

grief. In the tenderest accents her loving daughter thus addressed her : " Dearest madam, be consoled ; why are you not happy ? You die innocent, and in the same innocence all your family follow you to the tomb, and will partake with you, in a better state, the recompense of virtue."

Another instance of filial affection occurred during the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It was the custom to assemble those who were condemned to die, and then to fire upon them cannons loaded with grape-shot. Upon one occasion, just as the artillery were about to fire, a girl rushed forward with a loud cry of " My father! oh, my father!" throwing her arms round the neck of one of the victims, and waiting for the moment of dying with him. Threats nor entreaties, commands nor representation of her danger, aught availed, she would not move. She could only exclaim, " Oh, my father, let me die with you." The onlookers could not bear the sight of this heroic affection without emotion ; the father was reconducted to prison, from whence he was soon after liberated. His daughter, who had been the happy means of preserving his life, was then only ten years of age !

Madame de la Rochefoucault had also the happiness of preserving the life of her father. During the war of La Vendee, the Duke was condemned to die ; his daughter found the means, however, of aiding his escape, and concealing him from his pursuers. Unfortunately, she had not the means

to procure food for any extended period, so that his death seemed imminent from want of sustenance. There was only one way to save him—to offer her own life in exchange for her father's—and she at once resolved upon making the sacrifice. In a letter which she addressed to a General of the Republic, she said :—" Citizen General, Wherever the voice of Nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But, in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want of almost everything. Without clothes, without bread, without a friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope—that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid. My father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger. Be the judge, Citizen General, of

the extent of my misfortune, and own it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me—it is to cast myself on your generosity. I offer you my head; I undertake to go, and go willingly, to the scaffold; but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment; there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent.” This appeal not only procured immediate relief, but the secret protection of father and daughter, and the ultimate restoration of M. de Rochefoucault’s property.

The excellent Mr. Fordyce, in writing upon the subject of filial affection, said:—“When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—I mean from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my very first counsel would not be, ‘Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents.’ The fund of worth and affection indicated by such a behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.”

II.

In Sisterly Affection.

"How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject - ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow."

ROGERS.



ONE of the fairest scenes of earth is to witness brethren, members of one family, dwelling together lovingly and harmoniously. Their objects and aims are all in common ; they have diversity of pursuits, but none in interests ; the general object is the joy and happiness of the whole ; the meanness of self-regard and the littleness of self-love is lost in the absorbing interest of each other. They find the reflex of their natures in mutual ministrations ; they share the joys of the angels in loving and serving. This, indeed, is the truest self-love, for in giving pleasure we receive pleasure : the joy of one is the joy of all. The sister caring for every want of her brother, and the brother solicitous of means to give pleasure and happiness to his sister ; she, making his lessons and learning her care and task, his attainments and progress her delight,

having no happiness equal to the knowledge that he is respected, loved, and honoured; and he, toiling at his duties, remembers that in fatigue and labour he has her sympathy, and that his success is the source of her joy and rejoicing. She, content with the needful duties of home; he, drawn away to enter upon the battle of the outer world, which will presently absorb his almost every thought, but not to the exclusion of the loving affection which waits for him at home. Sisters do not sufficiently reflect upon the influence they exercise over the lives and prospects of their brothers; the exhibition of silly whims and foolish caprice, instead of controlling, creates perverse tempers, which may make shipwreck of life, and end in the destruction of the fairest prospects of fame and fortune; while a wise and judiciously exercised solicitude may influence in the direction of the best interests of this world and of the world to come.

The Rev. John Angel James relates a pleasing anecdote of a daughter's influence: A female, who had been some years known and respected for her quiet, consistent, unobtrusive Christian deportment, called on her minister to introduce her aged mother, who leaned on her arm, and seemed to repose in her that tender dependence which is so soothing and delightful to an aged parent, and so heart-thrilling to a dutiful and grateful child. Both were overcome by their feelings, and it was some

moments before either could speak. The minister desired them to be seated, and cheerfully said, "Well, Hannah, I suppose this is your good mother; I am very happy to see her."—"Yes," replied the mother, in broken accents; "her mother, and her daughter too. Five-and-twenty years ago I bore her in infancy; and now, through her instrumentality, I trust I am born to God." The Rev. William Jay also relates a similar anecdote: "'Well,' said a mother, one day, weeping (her daughter being proposed as a candidate for Christian communion), 'I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into the Bible; to see her retire and seek God, while I never pray; to see her going to the Lord's table, while his death is nothing to me?' 'Ah,' said she to the minister who called to inform her of her daughter's desire, wiping her eyes; 'yes, sir; I know she is right and I am wrong; I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under provocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When in her late illness she was looking for dissolution, heaven stood in her face. Oh, that I was as fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the Church of God and leaving me behind, perhaps for ever?' From that hour she prayed in earnest that the God of her child would be her God, and was soon seen walking with her in the way everlasting."

It is true that many brothers do not comport themselves to their sisters as they do to their female acquaintances—they are polite and obliging everywhere but at home ; much of this, however, is traceable to the ill-humour and exaction which the sister exercises there. It requires considerable consideration, and much gentleness of disposition, to be courteous and kind to those who meet us with short snappish words and soured looks. When once this warfare has commenced, there is danger of its continuance. It increases by what it feeds on. The brother, who thinks himself so much the superior of his sister, carries himself with a high hand ; and the sister, remembering what is due from a brother, thwarts and annoys him upon every occasion in retaliation. This torturing process can only be productive of mutual misery ; nay, it does not end there : every member of the family feels the effects of the querulous spirit, suffers from the unnatural estrangement, and becomes, in consequence, soured and vexed. But when the sister remembers the divine precept, “A soft answer turneth away wrath,” she can command and control the most violent and untoward dispositions, and win back to her heart her turbulent brother, who is more susceptible of impressions from her gentle dispositions than any exhibition of ill-will or violent temper. Men are to be ruled by kindness when they will not be commanded by violence.

De Quincey, in his eloquent paper upon Wordsworth, mentions "Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet—his 'Dorothy'—who naturally owed so much to the lifelong intercourse with her great brother in his most solitary and sequestered years; but, on the other hand, to whom he has acknowledged obligations of the profoundest nature, and, in particular, this mighty one, through which we also, the admirers and worshippers of this great poet, are become equally her debtors—that whereas the intellect of Wordsworth was, by its original tendency, too stern, too austere, too much enamoured of an ascetic, harsh sublimity, she it was—the lady who paced by his side continually, through sylvan and mountain tracks, in Highland glens, and in the dim recesses of German charcoal-burners—that first *couched* his eye to the sense of beauty, humanized him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of his nature, which have since clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiveness of its trunks."

Many a brother not so gifted has felt the tenderness and ministering sympathy of a sister through life. Fallen into difficulties, she has been the first to assist him; into disgrace, to cover his fault; kept by illness a prisoner to his room, she has

tended him unweariedly ; and when he has been praised or blamed, she has been depressed, as if the light had been withdrawn from her eyes, or elated, as though she had received a valuable bequest. Not satisfied with home sympathy and service, she has at times braved toil and danger to secure him the means of attaining some cherished purpose.

The records of the cotton mills of Lowell, in America, would disclose some delightful instances of self-devotion, if not of sacrifice, on the part of many noble-hearted girls. Miss Martineau says : " As for noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes, unconscious of being observed or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honour to the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a college education. She ponders this till she tells her parents some day of her wish to go to Lowell and earn the means of sending her brother to college. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the ministry. Many a clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the devoted industry of sisters ; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness from his sister's, or even

some affectionate aunt's, entrance upon mill-life for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their fathers' faces, on account of the farm being encumbered, and age coming on without release from debt, have gone to Lowell and worked till the mortgage was paid off and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labour, and to such girls labour is light and sweet."

One of the Lowell factory-girls, writing in the "Lowell Offering," a serial solely occupied by contributions from the mill-hands, says: "The factory-girl has trials, as every one of the class can testify. It was hard for thee to leave

" 'Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-land,
The voices of thy kindred band.'

Was it not, my sister? Yes; there was a burden at your heart as you turned away from father, mother, sister, and brother, to meet the cold glance of strange stage-companions. There was the mournfulness of the funeral dirge and knell in the crack of the driver's whip and in the rattling of the coach-wheels. And when the last familiar object receded from your fixed gaze, there was a sense of utter desolation at your heart. There was a half-formed wish that you could lie down on your own bed and die, rather than encounter the new trials before you. Home may be a capacious farm-house, or a lovely cottage; it matters not. It is *home*. It is the spot

around which the dearest affections and hopes of the heart cluster and rest. When we turn away, a thousand tendrils are broken, and they bleed. Lovelier scenes *might* open before us, but that only 'the loved are lovely.' Yet, until new interests are awakened and new loves adopted, there is a constant heaviness of heart, more oppressive than can be imagined by those who have never felt it. The 'kindred band' may be made up of the intelligent and elegant, or of the illiterate and vulgar; it matters not. Our hearts yearn for their companionship. We would rejoice with them in health, or watch over them in sickness. In all seasons of trial, whether from sickness, fatigue, unkindness, or *ennui*, there is but one bright *oasis*. It is

"The hope of return to the mother, whose smile
Could dissipate sadness and sorrow beguile;
To the father, whose glance we've exultingly met,
And no meed half so proud hath awaited us yet;
To the sister, whose tenderness, breathing a charm,
Not distance could lessen, nor danger disarm;
To the friends, whose remembrances time cannot chill.
And whose home in the heart not the stranger can fill."

This hope is invaluable; for it,

"Like the ivy round the oak,
Clings closer in the storm."

"Alas, that there are those to whom this hope comes not—those whose affections go out, like Noah's dove, in search of a resting-place, and return without the olive-leaf. 'Death is in the world,'

and it has made hundreds of our factory-girls orphans. Misfortunes are abroad, and they have left as many destitute of homes. This is a melancholy fact, and one that calls loudly for the sympathy and kind offices of the more fortunate of the class. It is not a light thing to be alone in the world. It is not a light thing to meet only neglect and selfishness, when one longs for disinterestedness and love. Oh, then, let us

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“ ‘ Deal gently with the stranger’s heart,’

especially if the stranger be a destitute orphan. Her garb may be homely, and her manners awkward; but we will take her to our heart, and call her sister. Some glaring faults may be hers; but we will remember ‘who it is that maketh us to differ,’ and if possible, by our kindness and forbearance, win her to virtue and peace. There are many reasons why we should do this. It is a part of ‘pure and undefiled religion’ to ‘visit the fatherless in their afflictions.’ And ‘mercy is twice blest—blest in him that gives, and him that takes.’ In the beautiful language of the simple Scotch girl, ‘When the hour o’ trouble comes, that comes to mind and body, and when the hour o’ death comes, that comes to high and low, oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae done for ourselves, but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly.’ ” A remembrance which might profitably

accompany us through every stage of our earthly pilgrimage.

The heroine from whom the Lowell girl quotes, and who has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, was named Helen Walker; she was the daughter of a small farmer at Irongray, near Dumfries, and after his death continued, with the unassuming piety of a Scottish peasant, to support her mother, and a sister considerably younger than herself, by her own unremitting labour and privations. The loss of her only remaining parent endeared the little Isabella still more to Helen, who, performing the various duties of mother and sister, contrived by her industrious and affectionate exertions not only to maintain but to educate her. What must have been the feelings of Helen when she learnt that this only sister, to whom she was attached by so many ties, must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and when she was herself called upon to become a principal witness against her! The counsel for the prisoner informed Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her the slightest intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life. To this, Helen's only answer was, "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty

and condemned; but in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution of it. Helen Walker availed herself of this circumstance to endeavour to save her sister's life. The very day that the unfortunate Isabella was condemned to die, Helen got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the same night set out on foot for London, having borrowed a sum of money sufficient for the journey. She walked the whole distance barefooted, and on her arrival at the place of her destination she proceeded, without introduction or recommendation, to the house of the late John Duke of Argyle. She appeared before him in her tartan plaid and country attire, and presented her simple, and perhaps ill-expressed petition. That nobleman immediately procured the heroic and affectionate sister the pardon she sought, and Helen returned home with it just in time to save the life of Isabella. The young woman, saved by the most unparalleled exertions from the fate which impended over her, was married to the person who had wronged her, and lived happily many years, uniformly acknowledging the affection to which she owed her preservation. The natural dignity of Helen's character, and her high sense of family respectability, made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that whenever her neighbours attempted to converse with her on the subject, she always turned the con-

versation, so that her history was but little known : she was, however, heard to say, that by the Almighty's strength she had been enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, which, if lost, would inevitably have caused the forfeiture of her sister's life. The fact that Isabella, who lived at Whitehaven, was annually accustomed to send a cheese to her sister, though trivial in itself, strongly marks the affection which subsisted between the two sisters, and the complete conviction on the mind of the criminal, that her sister had acted solely from high principle, and not from any want of affection at the time of the trial. Helen lived many years in honest and industrious poverty, and at her death was interred in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, in a romantic cemetery, on the banks of the Cairn. A tomb was erected over her grave by Sir Walter Scott, bearing the following inscription: "This stone was erected by the author of 'Waverley,' to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God 1791. This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans. Refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of her sister, she nevertheless showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable

Respect the grave of poverty, when combined with the love of truth and dear affection."

But this sisterly devotion has been exercised in the highest spheres of society as in the lowest: sisterly affection is not controlled by riches, or subdued by poverty; when natural affection is permitted its pure and truthful development, it loves sacrifice and service rather than self-love and self-care. A notable instance is recorded of the French Princess Maria Helena Elizabeth, who, when the Parisian mob burst into the palace on the 20th of June, the most memorable day of the French Revolution, the princess ran into the king's apartment; and when the mob with loud imprecations called for the queen—"Where, where is she; we will have her head!"—turned towards the murderers, and with firmness said, "I am the queen!" The terrified attendants pressed forward to declare that she was not the queen. "For the love of God," said the princess, "do not undeceive these men! Is it not better that they should shed my blood than that of my sister?"

Another not less exciting incident is related of Mademoiselle Gattey, the sister of a bookseller, who had been arrested during the French Revolution. This devoted sister determined, whatever the fate of her brother, that his fate should be her own. On the day of his trial she mingled with the crowd in a seemingly careless manner; no

sooner, however, had she heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him, 'than she shouted aloud, "*Vive le Roi!*" declaring that she would die with her brother. This satisfaction, however, was not permitted her—she was executed on the day following, and met her violent death with the utmost tranquillity. Upon another occasion during the same terrible period, when the gaoler assembled his prisoners in the court-yard, to read over the names of those condemned to die, the first name he called, in a specially savage manner, was *Maille*. Instantly a female left the crowd, and as she passed along, besought the compassion of the other prisoners for her orphan children, then demanded from the gaoler if she was the person condemned to die. On reaching his list, it was found that neither the Christian name nor the surname belonged to her. Perceiving his mistake, the gaoler hastily interrogated her concerning the abode of the person he ought to have arrested. It was her sister-in-law. "I do not wish to die," said Madame Maille, "but I should prefer death a thousand times to the shame of saving my life at the expense of hers. I am ready to follow you." She was not, however, permitted to make this sacrifice, and shortly afterwards she was restored to her family.

These are indeed noble instances of sisterly affection—would that they were types of the communion of feeling and of love prevailing universally! Alas

they are not. Are there not too many instances of feuds and quarrels, miserable heart-burnings and misunderstandings, in the homes where nought but peace should dwell, and amongst the members of one family, who are bound by all natural ties and Christian obligations to love and cherish each other? How often is it seen when sisters grow to womanhood, and take their allotted stations in the world, that there is a divergence, a coolness, and a distance which more effectually separates them than if they were strangers and had never met?

Dr. Benjamin Franklin wrote a very admirable parable on Brotherly Love, which is equally applicable to Sisterly Affection:—"In those days there was no worker of iron in all the land. And the merchants of Midian passed by with their camels, bearing spices, and myrrh, and balm, and wares of iron. And Reuben bought an axe of the Ishmaelite merchants, which he prized highly, for there was none in his father's house. And Simeon said unto Reuben his brother, Send me, I pray thee, thine axe. But he refused and would not. And Levi also said unto him, My brother, lend me, I pray thee, thine axe; and he refused him also. Then came Judah unto Reuben, and entreated him, saying, Lo! thou lovest me, and I have always loved thee; do not refuse me the use of thine axe. But Reuben turned from him, and refused him likewise. Now it came to pass, that Reuben hewed timber on the bank of the river, and

his axe fell therein, and he could by no means find it. But Simeon, Levi,' and Judah, had sent a messenger after the Ishmaelites with money, and had bought for themselves each an axe. Then came Reuben unto Simeon, and said, Lo! I have lost mine axe, and my work is unfinished; lend me thine, I pray thee. And Simeon answered him, saying, Thou wouldst not lend me thine axe, therefore will I not lend thee mine. Then went he unto Levi, and said unto him, My brother, thou knowest my loss and my necessity; lend me, I pray thee, thine axe. And Levi reproached him, saying, Thou wouldst not lend me thine axe when I desired it, but I will be better than thou, and will lend thee mine. And Reuben was grieved at the rebuke of Levi, and being ashamed, turned from him, and took not the axe, but sought his brother Judah. And as he drew near, Judah beheld his countenance as it were covered with grief and shame; and he prevented him, saying, My brother, I know thy loss; but why should it trouble thee? Lo! have I not an axe that will serve both thee and me? Take it, I pray thee, and use it as thy own. And Reuben fell on his neck, and kissed him, with tears, saying, Thy kindness is great, but thy goodness in forgiving me is greater. Thou art indeed my brother, and whilst I live will I surely love thee. And Judah said, Let us also love our other brethren; behold, are we not all of one blood? And Joseph saw these

things, and reported them to his father Jacob. And Jacob said, Reuben did wrong; but he repented. Simeon also did wrong; and Levi was not altogether blameless. But the heart of Judah is princely; Judah hath the soul of a king. His father's children shall bow before him, and he shall rule over his brethren."

III.

In Lifely Companionship.

"Oh, blest is he whose arms enfold
A consort virtuous as fair,
Her price is far above the gold
That worldly spirits love to share;
On her, as on a beauteous isle,
Amid life's dark and stormy sea,
In all his trouble, all his toil,
He rests with deep security."

Knox.



OMAN'S vocation has long been, and long will be the vexed subject of controversy. Extreme theories have found warm advocates and eloquent expounders. On the one hand it is contended that there is scarcely any position occupied by men that might not advantageously be assigned to women; others again maintain that woman's limited capacity and impulsive nature unfits her for any of the more serious concerns in which men engage. All, however, agree that woman is pre-eminently in her true position when she takes the sacred name of wife. The trust and duty upon which she then enters is not less needed for the full development of her nature than it is for the opposite sex: man craves for his help-mate as the counter-

part of his being; denied which, and he becomes dwarfed and stunted in true manliness; the refined and humanized aspirations of his better nature are blunted and destroyed; denied heart affection and heart repose, he loses the healthy incentives of life, he becomes blighted in purpose and purposeless in object—he is alone in the world. “What,” asks Edward Forbes, “is the peculiarity of bachelorhood? It is the yearning after love returned, the craving for marriage, the longing for woman’s companionship. Surround a bachelor with every possible comfort; give him the roomiest of bed-chambers, the most refreshing of couches, the largest of sponging baths; cover his breakfast-table with the whitest of table-cloths, make his tea with the hottest of boiling water, envelop his body in the most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and his feet in the easiest of slippers; feed him among the luxuries and comforts of the snuggest of clubs;—do all these things and more for him, and he will nevertheless be unhappy. He mopes, and ponders, and dreams about love and marriage. His imagination calls up shadow-wives, and he fancies himself a Benedict. In his dream he sees a fond and charming lady beside his solitary hearth, and prattling ones climbing up his knees. He wakes and grows disgusted with his loneliness, and, despairing, vents his spleen in abuse of the very condition for which, waking and sleeping, he longs and pines.” If, however, under

ordinary circumstances, the society of a wife is essential to healthy existence, how much more valued and valuable must her presence be when sorrow and suffering fill the heart and home? Labouring under contumely and reproach, and suffering from unmerited wrong and ungenerous fraud, the full heart is ready to burst; whence then comes gentle words and kindly sympathies, if not from woman? In the full blaze of prosperity, amid scenes of loveliness and delight, her society is a necessity; but not less in the hour of trouble, when exertion seems an impossibility, and aid and help is nowhere to be seen, then the influence of woman comes upon the stricken spirit as gentle rain upon the parched soil, and hope and endeavour take the place of despondency and despair. Well might Leigh Hunt, when in prison, write to the governor with the request that "his wife and children might be allowed to be with him in the day-time. That his happiness was wound up in them, and that a separation in respect of abode would be almost as bad to him as tearing his body asunder." And then, when the permission was accorded, in the presence and visits of his wife and children his prison became a paradise; repining gave place to hope, and hope with them was happiness.

This solace and companionship, which is almost exclusively the prerogative of woman, does not necessarily accompany beauty of feature or of form;

it is as frequently to be found associated with plainness, and with awkward rather than sylph-like movements. Beauty of form rather than beauty of life soon pall and tire the most ardent lover; and then, in the place of compliments and open admiration, the spirits of the expectant girl are dulled, if not destroyed, with chagrin and disappointment. Happily the good sense of the age has prompted to mental improvements, so that now a mere pleasing exterior and facile manners are not held to be the chief conditions and necessities of a marriageable girl. They are most valuable adjuncts and additions, but the cares and duties of wedded life demand attainments more permanent and solid; and thoughtful girls, thinking of these things, see the importance of such improvements and acquirements as may prove of service in the varied social duties related to the wise conduct of home, and, higher still, the companionship which makes the wife a solace and an incentive to her husband.

The queens of society are not now, as they were wont to be, leaders of fashion and flowers of form; annuals of beauty have given place to a wiser because, a more useful class of literature; and now few ladies would permit their portraits to decorate idle and useless books—the sole interest of the spectator centering in a rounded arm and a bright eye—the accidents of birth, over which the owner has had no control. How differently are viewed the portraits of true and

noble women like Florence Nightingale and Miss Burdett Coutts ! Were their faces plain even to ugliness, their deeds and virtues would create a beauty and a charm which would attract all eyes and subdue all hearts. The aroma of a holy and a useful life would take precedence of personal admiration : and bright eyes give place to bright deeds, good looks to good thoughts, and the outward form to the magic of the inner life. Beauty, with all its admitted power and influence, cannot enter the lists or bear comparison with charm of manner, the grace of disposition, and loving openness of heart.

Cobbett, in one of his brusque but truthful sentences, says : " Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful ; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work." The biographer of Cobbett records an interesting incident which occurred during the course of his courtship. When he was a soldier in America it was his habit, when he had done his writing at early morning, to take a walk on a hill near the barracks. One morning, as he was passing the door of the serjeant-major of artillery, when it was scarcely light, he saw the serjeant's daughter scrubbing out a washing-tub on the snow. " That is the girl for me," he exclaimed ; and subsequent events proved the wisdom of his choice. It is true that Cobbett's wife was

very beautiful, but beauty alone would not have subdued and attracted the utilitarian soldier. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, also, in the selection of his wife, was influenced by some such incident: she is now commemorated in the pages of history for her homely social virtues, for her simple nature, her provident thriftiness, and excellent sense. Had she had only the influence of a pretty face, she would not probably have been mentioned or remembered, save as the continued vexation and harassment of the good doctor's life. The celebrated Edward Baines of Leeds, who was the founder and proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the most important and valuable newspaper properties out of London, undoubtedly owed much of his prosperity to the sympathy and companionship of his wife. He began life by laying down the rule that, as he had to make his own way in the world, he would never spend above half his income; and he acted upon it. Great was the effort and many the contrivances required to carry out his purpose. But husband and wife being entirely of one mind, equally assiduous and equally prudent, the purpose was completed. One secret of his frugality was that he created no artificial wants. The pure joys of domestic life, the pleasures of industry, and the sweet satisfaction of doing good, combined to make him as happy as he was useful. His virtues, which were homely and practical, aided and assisted by his wife, were in-

tegrity, industry, perseverance, prudence, frugality, temperance, self-denial, and courtesy. How different might the course and ending of this excellent man have been had his wife not been blessed with strong good sense, which rendered her a wise helpmate, a reliable dependence, and a loving companion? Franklin uttered no half-truth when he said,

“He that would thrive must ask his wife,”—

a truth which was well illustrated by the anecdote told of Lord Eldon, who, when he had received the Great Seal at the hands of the king, being about to retire, was addressed by his majesty with the words, “Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon.” The chancellor, in acknowledging the condescension, intimated his ignorance of Lady Eldon’s claim to such a notice. “Yes, yes,” the king answered; “I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor.” Many a man who has been subjected to reverses of fortune, which have pressed him down without any appearance of hope, which have surrounded with gloom and driven him to despair, has found in the patient bearing and trusting confidence of his wife that stimulus for exertion which has enabled him to escape from his difficulties, and finally to retrieve his position. A wise Providence has given to woman a more buoyant and hopeful disposition than

that generally possessed by man : clouds and crosses, ills and evils, come upon her not less certainly than they come upon him. But it is her nature in the main not to brood over the wreck of yesterday : the evil of the day was sufficient for the day—let the good come after.

It is not indeed well for a man to live alone, to brood over his losses and to sorrow over his cares ; the encouragements and consolations which are within the full heart of woman to offer, rouses him from the stupor of his condition. He is utterly lost and degraded, if he is not stimulated by her example and nerved to patient exertion by the quickening influences of her endurance and determination. It is true that all women have not this power, but that is because they do not exert it. They will have a power, however, and that power will influence some for good and others for evil, just as it may be active or passive. Woman, in her quietest sphere and under the most solitary conditions, acts, moulds, and forms some character ; her painstaking industry, her continuance in well-doing, like the constant dropping of water, has its permanent effect, although at the moment it seems impressionless. This is increased a thousand-fold under the relationship and association which binds the wife to her husband and the husband to his wife. Then almost every thought and action leaves its impress ; the loving look and the kind word of the

wife accompanies the husband through the trials and difficulties of the day, and hastens his return, from disappointment and vexation it may be, to the consolations and sympathy of home—to the loving, trusting, and confiding heart which beats only for him.

Not always is it thus. The careless, flirting, pleasure-seeking girl, is not charmed by the ceremony of the hymeneal altar from the folly of her hitherto wasted life: she has been foolish and giddy in the past, why should she not be foolish and giddy in the future? The duties and obligations of married life, irksome and laborious as they must sometimes be, contrast unfavourably with the liberty and freedom from restraint indulged and enjoyed in the single state; the contemplation of which, and the remembrance of so many light and, as they then seemed, angelic hours, does not tend to gentle submissiveness, or to that most needed desideratum of the married life—a home-loving wife. The irritability and sourness of a husband whose temper seems to grow in irritation on the repetition of any petty annoyance, seems a poor exchange for the freedom of girlish days; and the worst feelings of her heart rise against the constraint and the imagined tyranny of her condition. The husband, when returning home from the duties and exercises of his calling, chafed in spirit and weary in body, finds no wifely companion to soothe the irritation under which he labours, to manifest to him in the midst

of his difficulties and discouragements that there is ever awaiting him a loving and sympathetic heart ; that however dark and drear the world, at home there is a bright and cheery atmosphere, a still and quiet place where his spirit is soothed and the turbulence of his temper calmed. When this is absent, and when all is reversed, what wonder that the husband should more frequently than otherwise return to his home late in the evening, leaving it early in the morning, and so making it merely a place in which to sleep, and seldom in which to dwell ? His nature demands companionship—not equalship, in order that there may be an interchange of union and communion—sympathy of interests, desires in harmony, and pursuits in common. When two beings are united—one intellectually developed, and the other meanly cultured—one broad and expanded in spirit and desire, and the other selfish and contracted, with no aims beyond personal ends—can there be expectation of happiness, can there be hope of peace ? How is it possible that a man of enlarged capacity and imagination can be happy with a woman of a narrow mind, who finds it impossible to appreciate the interest which he takes in his various mental and moral pursuits ? Appreciation to the extent of entire understanding of the subjects which interest and delight him he may not expect or require—that would necessitate a capacity and a capability of investigation equal to his own ; but he

does require the interest of sympathy in results, that his recitals of travel and adventure in the regions of science and the unfolding of his mental stores should not fall upon an ignorant ear, and that his efforts of instruction and enlightenment should be received not with *ennui* and cold insensibility. A woman with a narrow and contracted mind may in her early marriage days be a toy, then a domestic drudge, but she can never hope to be—what every wife ought to be to her husband—the most valued of companions and the most loved and trusted of friends. The Quaker Penn was accustomed to say, “In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; and then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.”

Something had need to be said of mutual restraint, without which unalloyed happiness in companionship is impossible. No woman with any personal respect would permit her house to be the refuge of dirt; by all aids and arts she must secure the cleanliness of her dwelling; is this more difficult, or does it demand greater exertion, than to keep a calm and a quiet mind in a peaceful home? In the event of any bodily ailment, the resources of medicine are sought and applied to effect a cure. Why, in the disease of the mind, should not equal care be exercised? why not provide for the temper's health as well as for the body's cure? It is observable that in the presence of a stranger, in the street, or in a neighbour's

house, the mind's disease, petulance, and passion, are subdued and held in restraint; excuses are made for accident and disaster, untoward events have some favourable aspects, and nothing is so bad but that it might have been worse, and nothing is so good but with a hopeful cheery outlook it may still be better. And why should not this spirit be adopted and cherished at home? Before marriage, faults and foibles were not seriously viewed; why after marriage should they be the source of permanent annoyance and unhappiness? A bad temper should be treated as we treat a cold—speedily and effectually removed. A cold, it is well known, may be the precursor of many and of serious ills; irritability of temper, slight and inconsiderable as it may be, like the small insect which builds the coral rock, may lay the foundation upon which peace and happiness may be wrecked and destroyed. To whom, then, is delegated this gift of quietness, if not to a wife? In this respect, with a true regard for her highest vocation, she will be an angel in the house. Not less is it demanded of the husband patience and forbearance, quietness and harmony; but to her is committed the care and culture of her husband's temper, to sooth and allay the irritation under which he occasionally labours, and to be to him a consolation and a solace in his most harassed and vexed hours.

But when the home is the centre of true com-

panionship, when there is a fusion of interests and desires, two hearts beating with one object, one purpose, and one intention, mutual forbearance and mutual help,—then is “Paradise Regained.” The home may be poor and meanly conditioned, few necessities and fewer luxuries—care and forethought, plans and contrivances, daily expedients; and yet in that home there may be happiness denied to the dweller in a palace. “To be happy at home,” said Dr. Johnson, “is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.”

Progress and civilization have been in the main the results of home influence; the desire of public honour, it is true, has directed and prompted many deeds of daring; but these have had probably as the chief accompaniment the thought of home, the honour that would centre there, and the material good and the many comforts which the results of such achievements would purchase. Many a weary traveller, ready to sink with fatigue, has been stimulated to increased exertion by the vision which has come to him of home. There, in the far-off land, he sees his loved wife seated at the evening meal surrounded by his little ones, whose innocent and guileless prattle falls upon his ear as the sweetest melody. They are speaking of him, so far away, and wondering when he will return, and telling each other how they will receive him, what they will then

say and what they will do. And then he sees his faithful wife leading them to the side of their little beds, and hears them in their evening petition pray that "God would bless papa, and bring him safe home." Ah, weary as he was before, there is no thought or word of giving up now; he will endure far greater toils, far greater fatigues, strengthened by the hope of one day reaching that loved home. And should he never reach it, should death await him in some far-distant land, the sound shall yet come to him of sweet voices, and the hand of his dear wife, whom he has loved so fondly and so truly, will rest within his own, and once more, as the film gathers over his eyes, he will see around him all whom he prizes upon the earth, and all whom he hopes and prays to meet in heaven.

And how often has the thought of home prompted to success in business and professional pursuits? When losses and disappointments, betrayal of interests and suspicion of character, vex the jaded spirit, and there is a disposition and a temptation to quit the turmoil and irritation of business life, and to seek retreat and retirement in any condition, however poor, the thought of home and those at home nerve to fresh endurance and renewed effort. The fine spirit is not less soiled and sullied in its contact with grosser natures than before, but there is the power of resolution, the power which comes from resolved purpose, which overcomes the petty little-

ness of trade barter, and which converts mean huckstering into honourable commerce. And should failure be experienced, and that most dreaded of all disasters—exposure of private affairs in the public prints—then the wife's assurance and consolation is of inestimable value; her husband reposes upon a bosom conscious of his integrity, and that if his estate is broken his heart is sound and solvent. Honour and integrity receive their birth and bias at home; there, if anywhere, dark purposes and dark deeds are destroyed in the bud, a true and loving life is generated, and a wise and resolved intention formed. And thus, if it is not woman's vocation to direct the movements of armies, to make the laws by which countries are controlled, and empires hold their place in the social compact, it is hers to do more—form and mould those by whom laws are made, armies are led, and the nations governed. It is hers at the outset of life to guard the embryo man from physical evil, from personal taint and contagion; and then, as years increase, to inculcate precepts and principles which shall leave an impress upon future generations; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honour into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body, and the worse, infinitely worse, anguish of the mind. It is hers, when the scholar is sinking over his task, to cheer him in his toil; and to console the statesman when suffering

unmerited ingratitude—to stand in the place of happiness which has departed and of joys which can never return. Her conquests have not been chiefest and greatest on the battle-field or before the gaze of assembled thousands; the arena of her triumphs has been home, the home of the abandoned and the forsaken, where distress and poverty dwells, where sin and sorrow has its abiding-place. In the exercises of her large-hearted sympathy, like her divine Master, she has found her truest place and greatest happiness in “doing good.”

From the “Lives of Indian Officers,” we get a glimpse of the excellent wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was indeed a meet helpmate, and illustrated in practice all that is commendable in principle. Sir Henry’s biographer tells us that although the natives of India evinced great aptitude in learning the use of the theodolite, by which Sir Henry was then making a survey of a large tract of the Dhoon, yet he would not employ them when there was any great danger. “Upon one occasion,” says the writer, “soon after the marriage of Sir Henry, we entered upon a large tract at a season of the year when Europeans had never ventured to expose themselves, so he took one side of the area himself and gave me the other side, and we were to meet. It was a dense jungle at the foot of the Nepaul hills, intersected with belts of forest trees, a famous tiger tract. The dews were so heavy that my bed

under a small tent was wet through. Fires were kept constantly lighted to keep off the tigers and wild elephants, which gave unmistakable indication of their proximity, and it was not till eleven or twelve o'clock that the fog cleared sufficiently to permit of our laying a theodolite. It was in such a tract that, after three or four days, we connected our survey; and when we met, to my surprise I found Mrs. Lawrence with him. She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her foot overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. In such roughings this admirable wife delighted to share; while at other times, seldom under circumstances of what other people call comfort, she would lighten his labour by reading works he wished to consult, and by making notes and extracts to which he wished to refer in his literary labours. She was one in a thousand; a woman highly gifted in mind, and of a most cheerful disposition, and fell into his ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality with no attempt at external appearance of luxury or refinement. She would share with him the wretched accommodation of the "castles"—little better than cow-sheds—of the Khytul district, and be the happiest of the happy. Or we would find her sharing a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room

and dressing-room from the hospitable breakfast-table; and then both were in their glory. No man ever devoted himself more entirely to what he considered his duty to the State, but it did not prevent his devotion to the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-creatures, whether European or native, and no man in either duty ever had a better help-mate than he had in his wife. It was one day, when on leave for the benefit of his health, that these two, in happy commune, were reclining on the side of the Souawar mountain opposite Kissowlee, when the thought occurred to one, was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known; and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honoured name." Mrs. Lawrence was thus not less a wife than a sister of goodness.

The wife of Lavator, the eminent physiognomist, and pastor of St. Peter's Church in Zurich, Switzerland, was also a notable wifely companion. From Lavator's journal we obtain a glimpse of his home life. "*January 2.*—My wife asked me during dinner what sentiment I had chosen for the present day? I answered, 'Henceforth, my dear, we will read and pray together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is, "Give to him that

asketh of thee ; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.”—‘Pray, how is *this* to be understood?’ said she. I replied, ‘Literally.’—‘That is very strange, indeed,’ answered she. I said, with some warmth, ‘We, at least, must take it so, my dear, as we would do if we heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words, “Give to him that asketh of thee,” saith he, “whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward, and not the proprietor of my fortune.”’ My wife merely replied, ‘that she would take it into consideration.’ I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak to me. I ordered her to be shown into my study. ‘My dear sir, I entreat you to excuse me,’ said she ; ‘I must pay my house rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a whole month, and could hardly keep my poor children from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray hear me, dear sir.’ Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, ‘There is a book encased with silver ; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare, yet it will not be sufficient ; I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?’ I answered, ‘Good woman, I cannot assist you.’ So saying I put my hand accidentally, or from habit, into my pocket ; I had about two dollars and a half. ‘That will not be sufficient,’ said I to myself ; ‘she must

have the whole sum ; and if it would do, I want it myself.' I asked if she had no patron or friend who would assist her. She answered, 'No, not a living soul ; and I will rather work whole nights than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman ; if you cannot help me, I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble ; I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me, and I hope he will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year !'

"My wife entered the room. Oh, thou traitorous heart ! I was angry and ashamed ; I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other ; because my conscience whispered to me, 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and do not turn away from him that would borrow of thee.' My wife, too, whispered in my ear, irresistibly, 'She is an honest, pious woman, and has certainly been ill ; do assist her if you can.' Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her struggled together in my heart. I whispered, 'I have but two dollars, and she wants six ; I will give her something, and send her away.' My wife, pressing my hand with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud, 'Give to him who asketh thee ; and from him who would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' I asked her archly, whether she would give her ring to enable me to do it ?—'With great pleasure,' she replied, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was too

simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of the action. When she was going, my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage. 'Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?' said I. 'Indeed I was,' she replied. 'Do you think I would sport with charity? Remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago. I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman? Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter day very soon?' I pressed her to my heart, saying, 'You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring. I thank you.' I went to the bureau and took the six dollars. I was seized with horror because I had said, 'I cannot assist you.'

"The good woman at first thought it was only a small contribution. When she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not at first utter a word. 'How shall I thank you!' she exclaimed. 'Did you understand me? I have nothing but the book, and it is old.'—'Keep the book and the money,' said I hastily; 'and thank God, not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hesitated to assist you.' I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed I could hardly look at my wife. 'My dear,' said she, 'make yourself easy. You have yielded to my wishes. While

I wear a gold ring you need not tell a fellow-creature in distress that you cannot assist him.' I folded her to my heart and wept.

"*January 23, 1769.*—My servant asked me after dinner whether she should sweep my room. I said, 'Yes; but you must not touch my books or papers.' I did not speak with the mild accent of a good heart. A secret uneasiness and fear that it would occasion me vexation had taken possession of me. When she had gone some time, I said to my wife, 'I am afraid she will cause some confusion up-stairs.' In a few minutes my wife, with the best intentions, stole out of the room and told the servant to be careful? 'Is my room not swept yet!' I exclaimed at the bottom of the stairs. Without waiting for an answer I ran up into my room. As I entered, the girl overturned an ink-stand which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. I called out harshly, 'What a stupid creature you are! Have I not positively told you to be careful?' My wife slowly and timidly followed me up-stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; and ran to the table lamenting and moaning, as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting-paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away, and my wife approached me with loving gentleness. 'My dear husband!'


said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She entranced me; I wanted to get out of her way. Her face rested on my cheek for a few moments; at last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear!' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. 'What a miserable slave to my temper I am,' I said. 'I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of the dominion of that sinful passion.' My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger. Let us pray together.' I knelt down beside her; and she prayed so naturally, so fervently, and so much to the purpose, that I thanked God sincerely for that hour and for my wife."

IV.

In Maternal Solitude.

"A mother's love!—how sweet the name '
The holiest, purest, tenderest flame
That kindles from above;
Within a heart of earthly mould
As much of heaven as heart can hold.
Nor through eternity grows cold--
That is a mother's love."

MONTGOMERY.

"HE future destiny of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother." She will give it its character, and its character will determine its future life. As the child runs about her in its earliest years, every glance, look, tone of voice, and action, sinks into the heart and memory, and is presently reproduced in its own little life and its many childish actions; and then, as life goes on, those tones and looks and actions are reproduced in maturity, and are not obliterated when old age comes on. Every stage in its life gives the impress and motive to the next, so that the last stage of all partakes something of the first. It is thus in this sense true that the child is father to the man. The first and obviously

the most important work of education is the development of the faculties which lie latent in the child, waiting to be unfolded by judicious exercise. The constant and endeared companion of the child is the mother; to her, both by nature and opportunity, is committed the charge of unrolling its faculties, and of further encouraging it in the pursuit and attainment of knowledge. If she is mean and contracted in her purposes, selfish and passionate, ignorant and ill-disciplined, it is only natural that her offspring should grow up mean, passionate, and ignorant also. She forms a climate in which her little one breathes, creates the circumstances by which it is surrounded, which temper and tone its mind, which give the impetus to its dispositions and the formation of its habits.

“Did it begin when the parental ear was delighted with the lisping of the first word? Long before that; for there is a language earlier than speech, and which speech can never express—the language of looks—the communion of sympathy between the world without and the world within.—Did it begin the first time its untrained foot touched the earth? Long before that; by that time many a step had been taken, involving future consequences of infinite importance.—Did it begin with the first smile that dimpled its cheek, and beamed in its eye? Earlier than that—so early that in after-years its memory can never go far enough back to

date its commencement ; earlier than the moment of the first maternal smile and embrace, for these only contributed to promote it. And all the impressions which it received from that period—and probably it does receive impressions through every subsequent moment—all these are a part of the materials out of which its future character is to be formed, all these are vital seeds, some of which will be bearing their appropriate fruit ten thousand ages hence.” Truly, then, did Napoleon observe that France needed only mothers to make her a great nation : “ Here,” said the Emperor, “ is the regeneration of France in one word.”

If the mothers of a nation are light, volatile, frivolous—the nation must be light, volatile, and frivolous also. If all mothers were like the mother of Kant, who said in his old age, “ I shall never forget that it was she who caused to fructify the good which is in my soul ;” and of Cuvier, who attributed to his mother all the pleasures of his studies and the glory of his discoveries, and who said, “ I used to draw under her superintendence, and I read aloud books of history and general literature ; it is thus that she developed in me that love of reading, and that curiosity for all things, which were the spring of my life,”—then would the future generation be not less wise than good. How truly does all experience attest, that if we “ train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it ! ”

The Queen of England has endeared herself to the nation not less by her wisdom than by her goodness, especially in the training and management of her large family. It is not generally known that at Queen Victoria's residence in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of the pleasure-grounds is appropriated to the young princes and princesses, who have each a flower and vegetable garden, green-house, hot-houses, and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. Here the royal children pass many hours of their time. Each is supplied with a set of tools marked with the name of the owner; and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon.

There is no branch of gardening in which the royal children are not at home. Moreover, on this juvenile property is a building, the ground-floor of which is fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, larders, and dairy, all complete in their arrangements; and here may be seen the young princesses, arrayed in their aprons and cooking-jackets, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like rosy farm girls, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighbourhood as the result of their own handiwork. The Queen is determined that nothing shall remain unlearned by her children, nor are the young people ever happier than while thus engaged.

Over the domestic establishment is a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the young party in their rambles and researches—geological and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and animals, articles of their own construction, and whatever is curious or interesting, classified and arranged by themselves. Here the most exalted and purifying tastes are cultivated. Here nature, common to all, is studied and admired; while, beyond this, a capability of entering into the condition of the people and a sympathy for their labours is acquired by practical knowledge of what labour is; and though we need scarcely suppose that the royal children weary themselves as those who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet even in their moderate digging and working they must learn the better to appreciate the results of labour in the luxuries surrounding them. This is a picture of which the English nation may well be proud.

The nation has also much reason to be proud of the mother of the Queen, who had but one object—the careful culture and training of her daughter, who acknowledged the tender solicitude of her mother at the first Privy Council at which it was her duty to preside: “Educated in England,” she said, “under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my country.” Had it been otherwise, we should not now probably have the

opportunity of boasting of a sovereign—the best, the wisest, and the most loved of all the Queens of England; not less respected at foreign courts for the splendour of her reign, the might of her armies, the prowess of her fleets, than she is known at home, on the hearth of every cottage, for social virtues and simplicity of life, rendering her name an endeared “household word,” at once the example and pride of the nation.

The great men and great women of all countries, with few exceptions, have had good mothers. The commentator, Matthew Henry, says that his mother and father never omitted constantly praying together morning and evening, whether they were at home or visiting their friends. Mrs. Henry was a quiet, gentle woman, whose virtues shone most brightly within the circle of home. She was noted for her hospitality and for her order and carefulness in household matters. Mrs. Samuel Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley, was a woman of great piety and Christian firmness. Out of nineteen children ten lived, and received from her the elements of their education. She felt that God had committed these precious souls to her care, and that no one was so fitted for the task of instruction as a pious mother. Mrs. Wesley’s natural abilities were cultivated by education, and directed by religion; she was thus eminently qualified for the task she had undertaken; and her children did not disappoint

the expectations which were thus raised. Several of them were afterwards conspicuous for mental endowments, and for the excellence and piety of their lives. Whilst her sons were at school, and afterwards at college, she was unwearied in her advice and warnings against the dangers to which they were exposed. The letters this excellent woman wrote to her sons are full of the soundest practical wisdom. Writing to her son John, she said: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure? of the innocency or malignity of actions? Take this rule, Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over the mind, that thing is sin to you however innocent it may be in itself."

Upon another occasion she wrote: "I, who am apt to be sanguine, hope that the alteration in your temper may proceed from the operations of God's Holy Spirit; that, by taking off your relish for earthly enjoyments, he may prepare and dispose your mind for a more serious and close application to things of a more sublime and spiritual nature. If it be so, happy are you if you cherish those dispositions: and now, in good earnest, resolve to make religion the business of your life; for, after all, that is the one thing that, strictly speaking, is necessary:

all things beside are comparatively little to the purposes of life."

It was a rich reward for her labours, to see her children rise up honoured instruments in the Saviour's kingdom. When this pious mother lay on her deathbed, she requested her children, who stood around her, as soon as she was released "to sing a psalm of thanksgiving." The plain stone which covers her grave is inscribed with the words :—

" In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies ;
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown."

The mother of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, who had twenty children, the learned divine being the last, was an eminently pious woman, and taught her son the Bible histories, by the help of some Dutch tiles which ornamented the chimney of their sitting-room, before he could read. This happy companionship did not last very long—only a few years had passed over his head before he was left an orphan. But the good seed and wise instruction given by his mother produced abundant fruits in his after-life of devotedness to God. The mother of the Rev. Richard Cecil, in addition to the possession of many excellent traits of character, was celebrated for her many acts of benevolence and charity. She was never weary, by personal instruction and example, of impressing the great truths of religion

upon her children. Cecil, however, as he grew in years, through the influence of evil companions contracted infidel opinions. Speaking of this time, he said: "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way; I could never rid myself of them. I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. I could not divest myself of my better principles. When my mother talked to me, and wept as she talked, I flew out of the house with an oath. I also wept when I got into the street." "I shall never forget," he said upon another occasion, "standing by the bed of my sick mother. 'Are you not afraid to die?' I asked. 'No, no.' 'Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?' 'Because God has said to me, 'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me that I might die the death of the righteous." Thus pondering upon the source of his mother's happiness, he said: "I see two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support that she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded rein to

my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." Thus it was that this man was brought to Christ, and then devoted the residue of his life in entreating others to be reconciled to Him. Often were the words of the martyred Lambert on his lips, "None but Christ, none but Christ." This was the grand theme of his preaching, and the only ground of his glorying.

The Rev. Legh Richmond, the author of many charming juvenile books, never ceased speaking of his mother, and of the influence of her truly holy life. "Her mind," said he, "at a very early period exhibited a strong inclination to the study of the best authors. She was well versed in the historians, essayists, and poets of her own country, and read the French language with fluency. Her memory, even at the advanced age of eighty-three, was well stored with the reading of her younger years. She had a natural strong judgment, and was careful in examining the style and tendency of every book she read. There were few subjects of which she had not some knowledge, and was an advanced student in most of them. With this, however, she combined great modesty and humility. Her knowledge of the Scriptures was not less than her reverence for the inspired volume. Her conduct as a daughter was

useful, affectionate, dutiful, and domestic. Her chosen associates were of a similar character. Her time and attention," said her son, "had been, from her youth upward, chiefly devoted to the study of religious truths, the culture of useful literature, the temperate pursuit of the elegant arts, the society of estimable friends, and the well-regulated plans of her parents' family. In the midst of all she lived in constant habit of prayer, and this consolidated the valuable qualities of her mind, and gave them a holy tendency."

In the year following her marriage with her cousin, Dr. Henry Richmond, her son Legh was born. "I well remember," he says, "in the early dawn of my expanding reason, with what care she laboured to instil into my mind a sense of the being of God, and of the reverence which is due to him; of the character of a Saviour and his infinite merits; of the duty of prayer, and of the manner in which it ought to be offered up at the throne of grace. Her way of enforcing these subjects was like one who felt their importance, and wished her child to do so likewise. I have not forgotten, in my Bible lessons, with what simplicity and propriety she used to explain and comment on the Word of God. These infantine exercises still vibrate in my recollection. Her natural abilities enabled her to converse with a very little child with much effect, combined with great tenderness of affection and firmness of manner."

Upon the occurrence of a very sad calamity, the death of one of her children, a sweet little boy just two years old, who, through the carelessness of the nurse, was precipitated from the bed-room window, she was called to struggle between the natural feelings of the mother and the resignation of the Christian. "Frequently," says her son, "during that day, did she retire with me; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, 'If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me. His will, not mine, be done!' Once she said, 'Help me to pray, my child. Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not—say something.' 'What shall I say, mamma? Shall I fetch a book?' 'Not now,' she replied; 'speak from your heart, and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience.'"

On the day after the death of the infant she took her son Legh to the bed-side where it lay; and then, after several moments spent in prayer and weeping, she put the hand of the child into her son's hand and charged him solemnly never to forget that day, adding: "May I meet you both in heaven." Shortly after this great trial, Mrs. Richmond, in the company of her husband and son, in the hope of obtaining the restoration of her

health, which had become much impaired, took a journey through Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. "To this journey," said her son, "in my childhood, accompanied as it was by the tender anxiety of my mother to direct my attention to every object worthy of notice, and the impressive manner in which her late severe trial led her to utter her sentiments, I ascribe much of my own turn of mind, as associated with the works of nature. She taught me the importance of treasuring up useful information, cultivating the taste for the wonders of nature and art, and learning 'through nature to look to nature's God.'"

After Legh Richmond had passed the usual terms at college, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England. Upon that occasion his mother wrote him: "I passed the evening of the day on which my dear son was ordained, in privacy and prayer. You are now become a minister of the Church. Yours is a weighty charge—may God give you grace to fulfil its duties aright. You are going to reside in a beautiful country, and I hope you will also find the beauty of holiness there. It may now seem too presuming in me to give lectures on theology to a reverend divine; I shall, henceforth, rather expect to receive them from you: but a mother's prayers may be as needful as ever, and her blessing no less acceptable than formerly. Take them both from your affectionate mother."

Upon the death of this most pious and excellent woman, Legh Richmond wrote to one of his daughters: "My dear F——, I am just returned after executing the difficult and affecting task of preaching a funeral sermon for my most excellent and revered mother at her parish-church. I took my subject from Ps. cxv. 1, as best suited to her humble, meek, and believing frame of mind. It was, indeed, a trying effort, but God carried me through surprisingly. I introduced some very interesting papers, which I have found amongst her memoranda in her own handwriting. Her last message to me was, 'Tell my son I am going direct to happiness.' Never was there a more delightful and heavenly countenance than hers, as she lay in her coffin. It combined every sentiment which the most devout mind could desire—love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, charity, all shone serenely bright. I followed her to her grave in Lancaster churchyard, where she lies under a sycamore tree, amid the magnificent landscape of sea, mountains, rivers, castle, and church around. You remember its high beauties. But you very imperfectly know the high qualities of head and heart which your grandmamma possessed. I never met her equal at the same age. I occupy her little room adjoining her bed-room, by day; and it is a great consolation to me to sit in her arm-chair and think of her, and read her papers on various subjects. My dear

mother was loved and honoured most extensively. Dear woman! for forty-seven years I have proved thy affection, and can trace from earliest infancy the tokens of thy worth. May I follow thee in humility, faith, and love, and cherish thy memory with gratitude and honour."

Perhaps the most interesting incident in the life of the poet Cowper is the brief companionship of his mother, who died when he was six years old; and yet during those few early years left so abiding an impression upon her son, that he treasured through life the recollection of her beaming smile and her encouragement in his daily tasks. Writing to a friend the poet said: "You may remember while you live, a blessing vouchsafed to you so long; and I, while I live, must regret a comfort of which I was deprived so early. I can truly say that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her; such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short. But the ways of the Lord are equal; and when I reflect on the pangs she would have suffered had she been a witness of all mine, I see more cause to rejoice than to mourn that she was hidden in the grave so soon." When his cousin presented him with a portrait of his mother, he said: "I had rather possess that picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that

her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated."

The good Oberlin, also, was accustomed to attribute his love for the things that are excellent to the early instruction and pious example of his mother. She was accustomed to assemble the children together at the close of the day, when she read to them from some interesting book, while they were engaged copying drawings. Before separating for the night there was generally a request for "one beautiful hymn from dear mamma;" then all knelt down in prayer. Dr. Edward Payson was another instance of the effect of a mother's affectionate instruction. Edward was very remarkable when young for his inquiring mind, which caused him constantly to apply to his mother for explanations of the causes of things, and of difficult passages in the books he read. When only three years old he would go to her bed-side to ask her questions about God and Heaven. In after-years, writing to his mother, he said: "Why cannot other parents learn your admirable art of joining friendship with filial affection, and of conciliating love without losing respect?—an art of more importance to society, and more difficult to learn (at least if we may judge by the rareness with which it is found), than any other; and an art which you, my dear parent, certainly have in perfection."

The poet, Robert Bloomfield, was never heard to

mention his mother without giving expression to feelings of respect and affection, which were indeed her due. The mother of another poet, Henry Kirke White, devoted her life to obtaining an education for her children. Henry was so impressed with the important service his mother had rendered him, that, writing her upon one occasion, he said : " One of my first earthly wishes is to make you comfortable, and provide that rest and quiet for your mind which you so much need ; and never fear but I shall have it in my power some time or other." His will was greater than his strength : his delicate frame was unequal to the exertion he made in the pursuit of knowledge, and he died in his twenty-first year. Many have shed tears over the early death of the young poet, who gave promise of so eminent a career ; but what was that sorrow to the sorrow of his mother—to her his early death must have been sorrowful indeed. A short time previous to his death he dedicated the following beautiful lines to her :—

" And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought ! Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;

While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

The mother of William Allen, who was the associate of Clarkson and Wilberforce in important works of philanthropy, was a most exemplary and devoted woman, who had but one object in relation to her son—inducing him to devote himself to spreading a knowledge of the truth, rather than following any studies, to which he had a great inclination, for his own immediate profit or amusement. One of her letters, which Allen was accustomed always to carry about with him, and frequently to read, manifests her longing for her son's entire devotion to God's service: "Oh, how I long," she wrote, "that the Most High would anoint, appoint, and dedicate my son to turn the attention of men to their greatest good, and arouse them from their beds of ease before the solemn sound goes forth—'Time shall be no longer.' He who has loved thee from thy early youth has called thee to love him; above all, to dedicate thyself to him, to surrender thy all to him, to be made use of as he shall direct. The reins of government shall not be in thy hands, but in his, to turn thee into the path he may in future appoint, and out of what thou, as a man, wouldst have chosen for thyself. Ah! my dear, it is not the strength of natural affection which leads me to say thou wast not intended to spend all thy time in earthly pursuit; but, through submission to the

operations of that Power which creates anew, thou art designed to lead the minds of others, both by example and precept, from earth to heaven. I believe that it may be said of thee, as it was said to Peter, 'Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat;' but I humbly hope that the same Advocate will plead for thee, that thy faith fail not." It was indeed a great blessing to this good woman to see her son, nearly three score years old, still pursuing a career of usefulness, so that his memory may well be said to be "blessed."

It was owing also to the earnest teaching of the mother of William Knibb that the world was blessed with his missionary labours. Upon one occasion, when on a visit to England to attend some jubilee services, his friend the Rev. Mr. Stovel says: "Knibb found me talking with friends; and placing his arm within mine, said, 'Stovel, I want you to go with me to my mother's grave: will you go?' 'With all my heart,' was the reply; and, with another friend, we walked together up the street towards the churchyard. As we passed along he stopped suddenly, where the main roads cross in the town, and directed my attention to a window on a second floor, looking down to the street to where we stood. 'There,' said he, 'do you see that window with the muslin blind?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'my mother lived there when I left her. We had parted, and I had come down into the street here, to go to Jamaica, to

take charge of my brother's school, who was dead. She put her head out of the window, and called after me, "William, William! mind, William, I had rather hear that you had perished in the sea, than that you had dishonoured the Society you go to serve." I have never forgot those words—they were written on my heart.' We passed on, talking of the effects which such a sentiment had in fostering his courage and zeal at different periods of his trial and labour. As we ascended the rising path which slopes down the side into the street, when drawing near the gate of the churchyard, he stopped and said, 'How unchanged the things are! That stone stands at the side of the path, just as it did when I used to strike my marbles against it. See, they used to bound and roll down there.' On entering the grave-yard he became filled with awe, and walking up to his mother's grave, he stood as if in the act of worship, and after a while said: 'There she lies. See, there's her name. She died January 25, 1835. She was such a mother! I wish my children were here to sprinkle some flowers on her grave.'" Truly may it be said that the heart capable of great and noble actions receives its impetus and its energy by domestic piety.

The mother of the poet Robert Nicoll was an excellent woman; but owing to poverty was compelled to earn bread for her children by the sweat of her brow. She had, when young, contracted a love

of reading, so that, as she could not spare the time for that employment, her son read to her as she worked. In addition to her own example of patience and perseverance under considerable privation, she was accustomed to give her children daily instruction in religious knowledge. It is to these lessons, doubtless, that Robert Nicoll's writings are toned with moral beauty. None but one who had been under the influence of a good and pious mother, however gifted he might be, could write the following lines on the Bible :—

“Thou doubly precious book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow.
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow.

“O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have rolled!
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored!
How many mothers, by their infant's bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read!”

The author of these truthful words was the victim of intense study and hardship; but he met the difficulties of his position with much heroism, proving that the example and instruction of his mother had not been in vain. One of his letters to her is full of excellent sense: “Do not mistake me, mother,” he wrote. “I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life.

God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life—who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ill of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon worship on earth than there is. Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother, for I feel myself daily growing firmer and more hopeful in spirit. The more I think and reflect—and thinking, instead of reading, is now my occupation—I feel that whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life, which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing self-respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, and trust in God."

Nicoll did not forget the duty he owed nor the

obligations he was under to his mother, and filial piety stimulated his exertions. He desired to be able to render her assistance, and prevent the necessity of her labouring any longer. But God willed it otherwise; and ere long the fond parent was called to the mournful office of following to the grave the son she looked upon as the support and solace of her age. He died in the twenty-fourth year of his age, breathing his last sigh in the arms of his wife, who soon followed him, the victim of the same sad disease.

The mother of the Gurney family was a most excellent and universally respected woman. Her daughter, the philanthropic Mrs. Fry, had her kindly sympathies excited towards her fellow-creatures, in the first instance, by becoming the companion of her mother in her visits to the poor. Mrs. Gurney was a woman of great ability, manifested in the care and education of her children; and of piety, manifested in the devotion and service of her life. Amongst the plans she devised for the education of her children, the following excellent directions were found:—"As our endeavours in education (as in every other pursuit) should be regulated by the ultimate design, it would certainly be wise in those engaged in the important office of instructing youth, to consider what would render the objects of their care estimable when men or women, rather than what will render them pleasing as children. These

reflections have led me to decide upon what I most covet for my daughters, as the result of our daily pursuits. As piety is undoubtedly the shortest and securest way to all moral rectitude, young women should be virtuous and good, on the broad firm basis of Christianity ; therefore it is not the opinions of any man or sect whatever that are to be inculcated in preference to those rigid but divine truths contained in the New Testament. As it appears to be our reasonable duty to improve our faculties, and by that means to render ourselves useful, it is necessary, and very agreeable, to be well informed of our own language and the Latin, as being the most permanent, and the French as being the most in general request. The simple beauties of mathematics appear to be so excellent an exercise to the understanding, that they ought on no account to be omitted, and are perhaps scarcely less essential than a competent knowledge of ancient and modern history, geography, and chronology ; to which may be added a knowledge of the most approved branches of natural history, and a capacity for drawing from nature, in order to promote that knowledge and facilitate the pursuit of it.

“As a great portion of a woman’s life ought to be passed in at least regulating the subordinate affairs of a family, she should work plain work neatly herself, understand the cutting out of linen ; also, she should not be ignorant of the common

proprieties of a table, or deficient in the economy of any of the most minute affairs of a family. It should be here observed, that gentleness of manner is indispensably necessary in women, to say nothing of that polished behaviour which adds a charm to every qualification ; to both of which it appears pretty certain children may be led without vanity or affectation, by amiable and judicious instruction."

No wonder that the daughters of a woman who could frame these rules for the conduct of their education should afterwards become eminent examples of goodness. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton subsequently said : "I know no blessing of a temporal nature for which I ought to be more thankful than my connection with the Gurney family. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement : I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them ; and in the college at Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence kept me hard at my books and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained (little valuable as distinctions, but valuable because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection, were necessary to them) were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win !"

Buxton's mother was herself a woman of sound sense, who was left a widow with several children when Thomas Fowell, who was her eldest son, was only six years of age. Her desire was that her sons should have strong, vigorous, decided characters, mental independence, moral courage, and determined will. Her idea of a man was, "robustness, power, self-trust, general capacity for any achievement he might deem it right to undertake, united with candour and benevolence, loving thoughts, sympathy with suffering, and hostility to injustice and wrong." And her loved son was this, and more than this. The monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey is a national tribute to his worth, and a remembrance of his philanthropic labours—but how much of that worth and those labours are attributable to his mother?

V.

In Loving and Serving.

"The good God giveth love for all,
The earnest heart to cheer and melt;
As his own smiles of glory fall
On hidden flowers, unseen, but felt."

MASSEY.



SYMPATHY and service is the province of woman. She turns as naturally to sorrow and suffering as the sun-flower to the sun; if she cannot aid by her hand she gives the sympathy of her heart. Toil and fatigue, danger and suffering, she cheerfully undergoes, satisfied if she can only aid the distressed, succour the sick, and bring joy and comfort to the weary heart-sorrowing mourner. If it were not for this sympathy, this heaven-bestowed capability of loving and serving, how many in the fulness of their sorrow would yield all hope, and under the cloud of an insupportable depression get quit of an existence which has only yielded disappointment and despair? Well has Sir Walter Scott said, in lines which have become familiar as household words,—

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Let her be the creature of moods, passion, and caprice; have countless purposes, and to "one object constant never;" yet in the presence of sorrow and suffering, her whims, fancies, and follies are all forgotten, in the instantly awakened duty of succouring and serving. Not less beautifully than truthfully has Washington Irving said: "There is one in this world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honour more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of *self* in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another;—that one is woman."

And this is not a description of English women merely, this forgetfulness of self is characteristic of woman the wide world over. The great traveller Layard says: "In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick.

woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel with a double relish." It is woman's nature, implanted by a wise Providence, to guard, protect, succour, and relieve suffering. True, it is seen in its best sphere at home—solacing an aged parent, tending without complaint through the long day and still longer night an honoured father or a beloved mother whom disease has stricken, or laborious years have worn out with toil and pain. It is a sight upon which angels must look with sympathizing gladness, when a daughter devotes herself to the service of an aged parent, anticipating every look and want, smoothing the pillow, and wiping from the brow the sweat that heralds the end. Could any scene of gaiety or folly ever impart a transport of joy equal to the pleasure which is felt when that parent supplicates a blessing upon the head of his child?

History is not wanting in instances illustrative of this loving and serving disposition in many, even of the tenderest age. Mary Lovell Pickard, who was born at Boston, America, in the October of 1798, was called home from school, soon after her thirteenth year, by the indisposition of her mother, to whom she had at once to administer in the capacity of nurse.

Sudden and grave were the responsibilities which fell to the lot of the little girl on the death of her mother, which occurred before her fourteenth birth-day. To add to her trials, her father, who was in the decline of life, became embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances; while Mary's grandparents on the mother's side, who lived with them, added to her solicitude. The little property which Mary inherited from her mother's family was nearly all lost owing to her father's failure. When she was sympathized with at the loss, she replied with singular judgment and wisdom, "I can only regret the loss of property when it makes me an incumbrance to my friends, and limits my power of communicating good."

Three years after this period her grandfather died; her grandmother remaining for nearly two years a confirmed invalid, to whom Mary ministered as nurse and companion. On the death of her grandmother her father removed from Boston to the country. Here she coveted employment to be of use in serving some one. "There is," she wrote, "a little deaf and dumb girl just opposite to us, and if I knew the process I would teach her to read. I must have something to do which will rouse my mind to exertion." Towards the close of the year 1823 Mary's father died. During his illness he had been attended by his daughter with the most devoted attention. This lamentable loss left Mary in a most unenviable position. She was without a

home ; and her only relative resided in England, an aunt, who was aged, poor, and infirm. With the generous impulse of her nature she resolved upon crossing the Atlantic to render her any service of which she was capable. The idea of a lone female, an orphan, attempting a journey of some thousands of miles by water, with the sole intent of ministering to the necessities of a poor, and obscure as poor, relative, seems chimerical enough, and perhaps could hardly be justified by ordinary notions of prudence ; but it was the earnest desire which she felt to love and serve which prompted the extraordinary undertaking.

After visiting London and Paris, she at length arrived at the village of Osmotherly, Yorkshire, where her poor old aunt resided in a two-story cottage of four rooms. Writing to a friend, she said : "I find that I could not have come at a better time to do good, or a worse for gaining spirits. My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village ; one of them, with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever ; his brother died yesterday of the small-pox, and two of her children have the hooping-cough ; added to this, their whole dependence is upon their own exertions, which are of course entirely stopped now. One of the children, a year and a half old, is with the grandmother, but so ill with the cough, that she is almost sick with taking care of it. It has, fortunately,

taken a fancy to me at once, and I can relieve her a little. But, worst of all, one of her sons has come home in a very gloomy state of mind, and all her efforts have failed to rouse him to exertion. I hope to be more successful, for he seems willing to listen to me."

There did not seem anything very inviting in this new scene upon which Mary had entered. Osmotherly was a secluded village, her aunt she had not seen for twenty years previously, and her cousins were entire strangers. What, then, should have prevented Mary from accepting some of the invitations which invited her to congenial circles? It was the consciousness of duty, from which she would swerve neither to the right nor left. Mary's companions in the four-roomed cottage were a sick child, an infirm old woman, and a man of impaired intellect. Her cousin's husband died, leaving a sick wife and three children, the youngest being only three weeks old. Three days after the interment of the father, the infant died in Mary's arms. Three weeks from the child's death, the mother died of the worst form of typhus fever. In this crisis of suffering, the neighbours, from the dread of infection, would not come near the house. After her cousin's death, Mary was left in charge of her two children, and of her cousin's affairs generally. The circumstances were naturally depressing; but Mary had reliant faith, and, therefore, permitted no distrust of future means to frustrate purposes of present usefulness. Once convinced

of the correctness of any course, and she devoted herself unfalteringly to do it. Shortly after the mother's death, the eldest boy was taken ill, when death soon terminated his sufferings. This was the fourth death within eight weeks. By this time the fever had become general in the village; and notwithstanding that the villagers had deserted her in her need, she flew to render them willing assistance. Her experience and assiduous nursing were of immense service. No wonder that the poor learned to love, almost to idolize her.

When the epidemic had partially subsided, Mary visited her relations' friends in Cumberland; but before leaving Osmotherly, she made provision for the remaining orphan, settled her cousin's affairs, and took care that her aunt was not left without things needful. Mary's visit to Penrith was very delightful, and was much needed, owing to the exhaustion which she had sustained during her many waking and watching hours. She had not been a month with her friends, however, before she received intelligence that her aunt was stricken with typhus fever, with little hope of her recovery, and that her only wish was to see her niece once more. Without faltering a moment in her purpose, on a cheerless December day she started for the residence of her aunt at Osmotherly. Once more she entered upon the duties of companion and nurse to her aunt. Writing to a friend, she said: "We two" (her aunt and herself)

"are the only beings in this little cottage ; for I have sent her sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed into a corner of the room for myself. Could you see me acting in the fourfold capacity which I adopt in this humble cottage, you would hardly believe me to be the same being who, a week ago, was installed in all the honours of a privileged visitor, amid the luxuries of Cockle House (Penrith), acting 'lady' solely, to the utmost of my ability. It amuses me to find how easily it all sits upon me, and how readily we may adapt ourselves to varieties of situation, and find something to enjoy in all."

Mary's aunt gradually recovered, but Mary's health was seriously affected. After spending some time with her friends in Penrith, she returned to America in the summer of 1826 ; and although the wisest and best society of Boston heartily welcomed her, she yet found her happiness in visiting and ministering to the poor, gathering information relative to their necessities, directing them to provident methods, and aiding them as a friend, and almost as a companion. It was her delight on the Sunday to gather children together in schools, to which she gave her personal attendance. One of her best friends in her labours of love was the Rev. Henry Ware, to whom she was married in 1827. He was a widower with two children. The little ones she took to her heart at once, and so won their perfect

love, that in after-years any allusion to the fact of her not being "their own mother" would occasion them regret; and when at last they lost her, the son, then a grown man, exclaimed, "Surely God never gave a boy such a mother, or a man such a friend!" Mary's married life of uninterrupted happiness continued only for a single year, when Mr. Ware's health began to decline, so that he was compelled to relinquish his pastoral charge, and finally to sail for Europe, in the company of his wife, in pursuit of the health he had lost. In the course of their tour they visited England, France, and Italy; and although they were frequently much straitened in their circumstances, yet Mrs. Ware found some little money to send occasionally to her aunt at Osmotherly.

In the July of 1830 they returned to the United States; and during the next twelve years Mrs. and Mr. Ware were employed in bringing up their large family upon diminished means. In 1843 Mr. Ware died, when an offer was made to Mrs. Ware to bring up and instruct some children; but by this time the continued sufferings of her life of duty had begun to tell powerfully upon her health—life began to ebb fast away. One beautiful April day the windows of her room were opened, so that she might breathe the clear air. She looked up at one who entered, and said, with a smile, "What a beautiful day to go home!" On that day she died; and on Good Friday, April

1849, her remains were laid beside those of her husband. Such was the life and death of Mary Ware—her life was a life of practical, unostentatious loving and serving.

Another young lady, Miss Gray, the daughter of the Rev. John Gray of Scotland, left a sweet remembrance in the hearts of all those who knew her. Her sympathy was always excited first to relieve the body and then to care for the souls of the distressed. One portion of her income, whatever it might be, she laid aside for purposes of charity. She was much pleased, when the opportunity presented, to give books to the divinity students and to the ministers with whom she came in contact. She formed and supported a Sunday school for the instruction of indigent youth, as well as visited their homes to render service to their parents. For several years she gave a prize of £8 for a theological essay, to be competed for by the Edinburgh divinity students. When her property increased, she presented £500 to the "Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge," and also for the formation of a school where poor children should be taught reading and writing. At her death, she left a considerable amount of property to various charitable objects: to the Christian Knowledge Society in Scotland, she left £3000; for promoting religious knowledge amongst the poor, £700; to the Orphan Hospital, £200; to the relief of the destitute sick,

poor sons of the clergy, and for the Canongate Chapel of Ease, £100 each, and various other charities, in all £6200. Of course the amounts of the gifts are not to be remembered so much as the disposition to give; the poor widow in the temple with her mite will be remembered during all ages—her gift was her all! From them to whom much is given, much will be required; they that have not even a mite, must give if only in desire and love.

In our own time, the name that has pre-eminently become endeared to the world for acts of serving and loving is that of Miss Nightingale. Unlike Miss Gray, probably, she has not had at her own disposal any very large amounts of money; but she has given to the service of humanity that which all the money in the world would not compensate: she has stood by the side of the couch of the dying soldier, listened to his last requests, and cheered him with comforting words as his end has approached. The gift of herself was no mean gift. Her education was most liberal. She has a knowledge of the ancient languages, mathematics, and an extended acquaintance with art, science, and literature. She converses in French, German, and Italian with the fluency of a native. She has travelled to the various European nations, and ascended the Nile. While in Egypt, she had the first opportunity to exhibit her sympathy with suffering, and to minister to some sick Arabs;—no, not the first opportunity,

for when she was a mere girl, at the first intimation of sickness in any of the cottages around her home at Lea Hurst, and then, as she ripened into womanhood, extending her sphere of action, she sought instruction, and to render service in the schools, hospitals, and reformatories of London, Edinburgh, and the Continent. On her return home, instead of resting from her labours and consoling herself with the refined companionships which were offered to her, she cheerfully assumed the management of a small London hospital, established for sick governesses. She then, when the war broke out in the East, undertook the direction of a band of nurses to care for the wounded and sick soldiers and sailors in the Crimea.

When she arrived at the scene of her labours, her first duty was to reduce to order the vast hospital placed under her care. So admirable were her arrangements, that scarcely a groan could escape from one of the poor fellows without a nurse being at hand to soothe him with kind words and to smooth his pillow. Many a rough soldier confessed that England did indeed care for his sufferings when ladies would leave the elegancies and comforts of their homes to minister to him in sickness. Before Miss Nightingale arrived in the Crimea, the sick were fed with the ordinary "mess," which was quite unfit for the sickly appetites of the men. She had not been ten days in the hospital before she had

a temporary kitchen fitted up, from which eight hundred men were daily supplied with well-cooked food and beef-tea. Speaking of the labours of Miss Nightingale, the *Times* commissioner said : "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen ; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a ministering angel, without any exaggeration, in these hospitals ; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her.

"When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those beds of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. I confidently assert that, but for Miss Nightingale, the people of England

would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the additional pang of knowing, which they must have done sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended."

The Rev. S. G. Osborne, in writing his own experience of Miss Nightingale, said: "Her nerve is wonderful: I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion. I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful to every sense any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him."

Mr. Sydney Herbert published a letter which gave a charming glimpse of Miss Nightingale's hospital life: "I have just heard such a pretty account from a soldier, describing the comfort it was even to see Florence pass: 'She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content.' What poetry there is in these men! I think I told you of another, who said, 'Before she came, there was such cussin' and swearin', and after that, it was as

holy as a church.' " It sometimes occurred that in the agony of pain a soldier would refuse to submit to a needful operation ; but " a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm, and the man would submit willingly to the painful ordeal he had to undergo." But all this care and anxiety was costing her that which was priceless—her health. Englishmen at home, reading the reports of the brave woman who was hazarding her life to aid her countrymen in the far-off hospital, determined to do something to manifest their sympathy and appreciation of her unwearied tasks of love and service. Any testimonial, to be received by her, must assume but one form—the means to allay suffering and lessen sorrow. It was therefore resolved to form " a fund to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." When this institution was proposed, Mr. Herbert said, " Miss Nightingale looks to her reward from this country in having a fresh field for her labours, and means of extending the good that she has already begun. A compliment cannot be paid dearer to her heart than in giving her more work to do."

While England was thus thinking of Miss Nightingale, she was steadily pursuing her self-imposed labours, obtaining school-materials—maps, slates, and books—and devising harmless games for the soldiers who were recovering in the hospital. In

conjunction with the chaplain, she established a library and a school, and also a course of lectures to instruct and amuse the men. She was also the general correspondent—writing letters and sending home small sums of money to the soldiers' families. When peace was declared, quietly, and without ostentation, she sought her own home. She wanted no parade or public acclaims: her richest reward was the consciousness of performed duty.

Another true, loving, and serving sister, was Miss Marsh, the daughter of the vicar of Beckenham, who, when the Crystal Palace was in course of formation, devoted herself with untiring assiduity to benefit the bodies and the souls of the three thousand navvies who were engaged on the grounds at Sydenham. And although navvies are accounted the roughest class of out-door labourers, and that at times it is unsafe to be in their company, yet this young lady fearlessly but lovingly visited them, talked with them, opened schools and prayer and preaching rooms for them, and succeeded in winning many to a noble and earnest spiritual life. During the first year that these men were at Sydenham, as many as possible were invited to a social tea-party, devised by Miss Marsh to give them a little enjoyment, and to show them how possible it was to be happy without the excitement of intoxicating drink. Miss Marsh says: "The school-room was decorated with festoons of flowers, and a button-hole bouquet of geranium and

jessamine was tied up with blue ribbon and laid upon each plate. Long afterwards, I saw some of these flowers carefully preserved in books. To a minute, at the appointed time, our friends arrived—each man looking as clean as a baby on its christening day. Faces and hands had been scrubbed till they shone again. They quietly and quickly seated themselves; and no gentlemen in the United Kingdom could have conducted themselves more admirably. There was no constraint of manner; on the contrary, perfect ease; no loud talking, but many a cheerful remark. Not an expression was used which we could have wished had been otherwise; but the frank, hearty enjoyment of the evening was delightful to see. As the clock struck ten, the chief speaker amongst them, after a short conference with the leaders of the party, said, ‘We have taken up a great deal of the ladies’ time, and had better go now.’ Several said, as they went out, ‘Never spent a happier evening—never, nohow!’”

Upon one occasion, when Miss Marsh went to a beer-shop to invite some new comers to the cottage-readings, she said, “As I knocked at the door, a notorious drunkard in the supper-room saw me, and said; ‘Here’s the lady come that spoils our peace with the beer-jugs!’ ‘Bar her out, then,’ said a fine young man, without deigning to turn round. I turned to invite the landlady, and then stood still for a moment, waiting for courage to speak to the

men in the supper-room. The landlady said, 'Would you like to invite them, ma'am?' I then asked the youth who had proposed the barring out. He said he could not go, as he was a stranger, and must leave in a few minutes. His dog-cart stood at the door, with beer bottles in the 'well.' 'Have you a Bible of your own at home?' 'Quantities! but they have never done me any good. They do for women and cowards.' 'Very good for them, without a doubt,' I replied, 'and for brave men too. I happen to have in my pocket a letter from a young friend of mine, who writes from the Guards' camp at Varna. Listen to what he says about the comfort of the Word of God, and prayer for the Holy Spirit.' The young man listened to it with melting eyes, and then said, 'There's both power and beauty in that.' He was moved to tears by the story of Headley Vicars' conversion; and when it was pressed upon him that the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' were just as true for *him*, and would he not likewise say, 'Thenceforth, by the grace of God, I will live as a washed man should?' he was entirely overcome, and rushed out of the house.

"When I went out, he was waiting for me, to say, 'I thought, ma'am, you would let me speak to you alone. Will you let me buy one of your little Testaments, and will you write my name in it, and *that text*, to remind me of what you have

been saying to me, and to show to my two young sisters?’ His lip trembled; and he said again and again, ‘God bless you!’ as I left him, with the promise of sending him a Testament as a remembrancer, and a letter with it, to recall to him, when at a distance, the subject of our conversation.” Through many months Miss Marsh pursued her labours of love, realizing, amid some disappointments, the blessedness of service. Many of these navvies, almost considered as outcasts of society, were brought to a knowledge of the truth, to lay down at the feet of Jesus their great rough natures, and to become as little children. Miss Marsh found her labours a blessed work, sanctified and owned of God.

VI.

In Growth and Culture.

"Why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when Nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand."—REV. SIDNEY SMITH.



THE chief characteristic which distinguishes one man from another is culture, and more than sex the possession or non-possession of education separates him from woman. If, for the ordinary purposes of life, education is needful for him, why is it less necessary for her? If she is denied education and culture, she lacks the natural stimulant for the exercise and development of her intellect, and becomes, as a consequence, dwarfed and stunted in capacity and understanding. Man, however, is not saved from this experience: his powers, of which he so much boasts, do not give him immunity from the necessity of culture; he must *acquire*, or he will have no attainments. The right which man has to education is precisely that which is possessed by woman—inherent capability to acquire, and to use that which is acquired. Woman, indeed, in her various social relationships, has oppor-

tunities for the use of knowledge which is not possessed by man. Physiology, for instance, as Nature assigns to her the task of the physical training of children, is obviously specially important. A knowledge of the laws of health and sanitation is needed for the wise arrangement and conduct of home. A knowledge of art, and the laws which regulate art when applied to dress, to domestic decoration, and even the ordering of the table, materially increases home-comforts and fire-side happiness. Studies of pure thought—as mathematics and logic, commended for their strengthening, systematizing tendency—cannot be less useful to the female than to the male. These studies, carefully pursued, will enable her to demand from the opposite sex sensible and informing conversation.

Why, indeed, should young girls, instead of an earnest pursuit of these and similar studies, spend years in attaining what are called accomplishments? Any youth so engaged would be warned that when he entered seriously upon the battle of life he would regret that which then would be considered as wasted time. This waste is not less serious to the female than the male. Solid attainments in every station of life must always be needful, while accomplishments, as such, may never be necessary; and in any untoward vicissitude of fortune, which should compel daily toil for daily food, showy accomplishments would then not be found to be any aid or assistance in the

struggle for bread. The census returns disclosed the astounding fact that there are more than a million unmarried women in England, who were brought up in the hope and expectation of a home and the society and protection of a husband, and who must now, in a majority of instances at least, look to the future as to a scene of toil and difficulty, rendered so by the uncertain and frivolous nature of the education which they have received.

Notwithstanding, however, the present is an immense improvement upon the past. One writer speaking of the past, said: "A smattering of French, a slight knowledge of the harpsichord, an acquaintance with dancing and the manner of entering a room, constituted the chief education of our mothers' mothers, who desired as the greatest good a coach-and-six, to frequent good society, to be praised, to lie in bed, to be the best dressed and the most sought, and at the last to steal out of existence without exhibiting decay or that the hand of Time had been laid too roughly upon them."

Swift said they ate, they drank, slept, laughed, danced, flattered others, and were flattered themselves; and the end of all was a death-bed where etiquette reigned dominant over good taste, and where the whole of an objectless and frivolous existence was concentrated in the words, "Come, Betty, give this cheek a little red." It was at that period of history when husbands only desired for their wives the or-

dinary polish of society and the possession of personal charms. No wonder that the then prevalent ignorance should have entailed injury and loss to civilization. It is related of the niece of Peirsec, "the attorney-general of the republic of letters," that she refused to allow the letters addressed to him by the most eminent scholars of the age to be published, because she found them useful for fuel! It is also recorded that Mr. Warburton's servant used a collection of old and rare dramatic pieces, many of which were very valuable, published during the Elizabethan period, for the bottoms of tarts and lighting the fire!

The housekeeper of the Hospital of St. Cross, with equal ignorance, used the records of the institution for the like ignoble purpose; and Bishop Cowper's wife, disgusted with his studious habits, destroyed in a few moments the result of eight years' labour! But when, as Southey states, the educators of eighty years ago were themselves uneducated, ignorance could only be the portion of those they professed to teach. The ladies who kept boarding-schools in those days scarcely considered it necessary to possess any other knowledge than that of ornamental needlework. Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire fifty years ago, used to say, when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to *we*." And, says Southey, "the mistress of what, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol

(where Mrs. Siddons sent her daughter) spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this."

The schools of the present are therefore an immense improvement upon the past; although, according to the evidence of S. G. O. in the *Times*, they are far from perfect. "Parents," says that writer, "have little choice of schools; where the expense is high, but too often accomplishments, so called, are the staple of the education; at the cheaper schools growing girls eat out two-thirds of what is paid for them; for the other third they get what overworked, ill-paid, and badly qualified teachers can give in the way of teaching—writing, reading, geography, arithmetic, with a slight seasoning of weak French and stronger piano; they are taught to walk with what is called a 'genteel carriage,' perhaps to dance, with Catechism and Scripture included. They grow up fine young women, amiable, and all that; do 'puss in boots,' in scarlet on crinoline and Balmorals, as well as those who are far above them in life. The day comes when the realities of life, with bread to be earned, are thrown on them; and for what are they then qualified? Very many parents, from economy and from higher motives, prefer having a governess to teach their girls at home. There is a great demand for such teachers, there is a great supply; but it is found that a very large proportion have little to offer beyond good character, amiable temper,

and a desire to teach. The consequence is, that they rear up young women as they themselves were reared, but leave them at last as unfit to be governesses as they are themselves ; and yet but too many of their pupils must come at last to a choice between 'service' in some form, or seeking the situation of a nursery-governess."

This was painfully corroborated by a Paris correspondent, who, in writing to the English newspapers in the December of 1861, describing the destitution amongst females in that city, said : "There are also a great many indigent belonging to another class, perhaps the most miserable of all, that deserve for their sad fate the commiseration of every one—the English girls who come over to the Continent with the object of giving English lessons. An English lady, who gives much of her time and money to succour the unfortunate, tells me that no one can form an idea of what numbers of them endure, and the ultimate fate that befalls them. Owing to the wretched education which girls in a genteel rank of life obtain at home, they are when abroad, and entirely dependent on their own resources, positively fit for nothing ; for somehow the Englishwoman here, by that solidity of national character, and the national disposition to concentrate every effort to some particular point, is disabled from getting on in a foreign country, and amongst a race that does not admit of domination. She wants the

quickness and versatility that are of inestimable value to a foreigner in Paris, such as are displayed by the Poles or Russians; and, owing to her very strength of character, is incapacitated from picking up a mode of gaining a livelihood if she fails in what she has been brought up for—and that is generally to be a governess. There is something astonishing in finding that these feminine representatives of the most practical nation in the world have the least solid of mental trainings, and are thereby exposed to temptations, to which they in numerous instances succumb when despair takes hold of them. An example of the lamentable results of female education in the English middle classes came lately under my notice. A Scotch gentleman in Paris, hearing of the numbers of young women of the class in question who would perish were it not for the refuge afforded by the convent of *Sacré Cœur*, conceived the idea of employing several as saleswomen, secretaries, and book-keepers in a large commission house for seed and Manchester goods, of which he had the management. He had been a few days previously thinking of employing French girls; but finally decided upon giving the preference to English, on account of their superior morality and steadiness of conduct. In a few days, nearly a couple of hundred applications were made, and five of the most intelligent-looking taken upon trial. But so deficient were they in everything necessary for the most

mechanical portions of a tradeswoman's education, that by the end of a fortnight he was reluctantly obliged to replace all but one by Frenchwomen. A short time after doing so, he required more female *employés*, and thinking that he had not given a fair trial to the ladies in question, employed for nearly two or three months several others in succession, but hardly obtained any that were at all suitable. The wages were excellent—exactly what is given to men—and every effort was made by those employed to give satisfaction; but their ignorance of arithmetic was so great that they of course completely failed in doing so.”

This misery and disappointment was the natural consequence of the want of a right appreciation of education; the elevation of tinsel and frippery over the solid and substantial, and music and dancing taking precedence of arithmetic and grammar. It is true that when a girl so cared for returns from school she can play one or two pieces on the piano-forte, and conduct herself creditably at an evening party, in proof that “manners and deportment” have not been neglected in her education. But what education has she received to equip her for the performance of the responsible duties of wife or mother? In the event of a reverse of fortune, which unfortunately is no impossible contingency, how will her education aid her in providing for herself sustenance and support? The maudlin senti-

mentalism of modern novels is a poor substitute for that strong womanly sense, equal to any emergency, and which will not be subdued by disappointment or disaster. Too frequently, marriage to the young lady who has had an ornamental education presents itself as the commencement of a long halcyon day in which there are no crosses or sorrows. How strangely different from the reality ! The smallest glimmer of sense must compel her to perceive how utterly unfitted she is for the duties of her new position ; that she is at the mercy rather than the mistress of her servants ; and that her husband, when the novelty of married life has passed away, resorts to other society for that companionship which he does not find at home. Tens of thousands of young wives have been carried to early graves—their deaths occasioned solely by the fret and worry of disappointment.

There are indications that this wrong to girls in middle stations of life will be amended ; and that the universities will be opened to them, presenting as the result fresh outlets and honourable resources of living. "Is it not extraordinary," says Frederika Bremer, "that people always ask boys what they would like to be, what they have a fancy or a taste for, and then give them the opportunity to learn, and to develop themselves according to the best of their minds ; but they never do so with girls ! They cannot even think or choose for themselves a pro-

fession or way of life. Ah, I would so gladly have lived upon bread and water, and been superlatively happy, if I might but have studied as young men study at the universities, have had freedom, and by my own efforts have made my own way. People do not require from the oak that it shall be like a birch, nor from the lily that it resemble the creeping cistus. With men it is the same: they are allowed each one to grow according to his bent and his nature, and to become that which the Creator has called them to be; but women, precisely they who should improve every power to the utmost, they must become unnatural, thoughtless, submissive tools of that lot which men have destined them. They must all be cast in one mould and follow one line, which is chalked out for them as if they had no souls of their own to show them the way, and to give them an individual bent. Open to her schools and colleges, which would give her an opportunity of knowing herself and her inborn powers; and afterwards open to her the paths in which she might freely exercise them; otherwise they become, both to herself and society, a dead and buried talent. Do not say, therefore, that is man's portion and that is the woman's portion; but say, rather, man and woman are two portions of the same humanity, called to serve God—the one as man, the other as woman—according to the gift and the power which he has given."

Mr. Vasser of Poughkeepsie, in the State of New York, recognizing this want, conveyed to trustees funds and securities to the amount of 408,000 dollars for the purpose of erecting and endowing a female college. "It occurred to me," said he, "that woman has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. I consider that the *mothers* of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother is that of the *female teacher*, who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting. It also seemed to me that, if women were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honourable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her. It further appeared that there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women."

The course of study intended to be pursued at the college includes not only languages, classics, mathematics, and political economy, but moral science, domestic economy, and æsthetics, "as treating of the beautiful in Nature and Art." The college has been fully incorporated, and will be entitled to confer honours, degrees, and diplomas upon women, in common with every university in America. If they pass the prescribed examinations, they will have the usual honours.

The universities of England and Scotland do not admit females to attend the classes, as Miss Elizabeth Garrett, the daughter of a gentleman of independent fortune, who had educated herself highly in classics and in some of the physical sciences, with a view to the study of medicine, found, on applying at St. Andrews to become a student ; and although some of the professors gave her tickets to their several classes, yet they were compelled to return the fees on the matter being brought under the notice of the Lord Advocate, who said : “ The admission of female students with a view, and with the right, of graduation, and the other privileges of the students in the university, is an innovation which the Senatus Academicus, in my opinion, have no power to permit.” While, however, the public prints were engaged in discussing the subject of the admission of females to universities, the authorities at Cambridge University had decided to admit women to the competitive examination for the degree of A.A. It is now, therefore, only a question of time, when every facility will be given to females in the laudable object of obtaining a complete education in the ancient seats of learning. .

History records many interesting instances, despite the hindrances of her position, in which woman has succeeded in attaining, by the energy and force of her character, extraordinary proficiency in languages and literature. Miss Elizabeth Carter, born at Deal, in Kent, 1717, was styled “ the star of England,

and the ornament of the literary world." She was so determined to acquire knowledge that the day was not long enough for the prosecution of her studies, and the morning had sometimes dawned before she had withdrawn from her books; when drowsiness seemed likely to overcome her, she put a wet towel round her temples, and took tea and coffee to keep her awake. A bell was affixed to her bed, from which a string was carried into the garden; the sexton pulled the cord as he passed to his labours every morning between four and five. This perseverance had its result in her becoming perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin languages, also French, Italian, Spanish, and German, and, less perfectly, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Arabic. Astronomy and history were her favourite studies; she had also a considerable knowledge of mathematics and ancient geography. Dr. Johnson paid her a very high compliment upon one occasion, when he said, speaking of a celebrated scholar, "He understood Greek better than any person he had ever met with, except Miss Carter." Her first effort as an authoress was a small volume of poems, which was published in 1782. She next translated from the French M. Crousay's "Examination of Pope's Essay on Man;" then, from the Italian, Algarotti's "Newtonianismo per le Dame." This translation Dr. Birch characterized "as the production of a young lady who might justly be classed with the Sulpitias of the ancients,

and the Schurmans and Daciers of modern times ; who, to an uncommon vivacity of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, had also added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, at an age when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex." In 1749, at the request of Dr. Secker, Bishop of Oxford, she commenced her great work, a translation from the Greek of Epictetus, by which she gained a thousand pounds. Her last work was a second volume of poems, which was several times reprinted. She died in London in 1816, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, who was born in 1776, at Burnham, near Durham, and who died on attaining her twenty-ninth year, made extraordinary attainments in languages at an early age, and without any instructor. She was prompted to the study of languages by learning that Mrs. Bowdler acquired a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew for the sole purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures in the original. When in her thirteenth year she had made great progress in her then favourite studies—music, dancing, drawing, and perspective. "She was at that time," says Mrs. Bowdler, "well acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and made considerable progress in the study of geometry and some branches of mathematics." Owing to the stoppage of a bank, in which Mr. Smith's property was in-

vested, and in which he was a partner, ruin, sudden and complete, was brought upon the family. This lamentable event was communicated to Miss Bowdler in a letter from Miss Smith. "Last night," she said, "we were informed that there was an execution against my father. They came to take possession of the house at ten o'clock at night; it was secured so that they could not enter, but you may imagine the horror of our situation in that night of storms. We shall all, I hope, bear whatever happens with fortitude. Above all, my beloved friend, I entreat you not to be uneasy, for I trust all will be well. My only apprehension has been for my mother; and I confess it has been hard work to appear cheerful, when I saw her agitated to the greatest possible degree, and I knew in no way could I be of the least use; but she showed great resolution. The servants have behaved nobly, and she has had all the comfort friends could give."

Mrs. Smith, in a letter, informed a friend of the heroism of her daughter under the deprivation of her happy home, her harp, pianoforte, and the library which her studies had so endeared. "When a reverse of fortune," she wrote, "drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression

of regret at what she had lost ; on the contrary, she always appeared contented ; and, particularly after our fixing at C——, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy." When settled in her new home, Miss Smith commenced a regular course of history, both ancient and modern, the study of Shakspeare, Milton, and some of the Italian poets. She read with great attention the whole of the New Testament and Secker's Lectures on the Catechism. After the family had retired, she devoted some time to the study of the stars by the aid of Bonnycastle's Astronomy.

A Miss H—— prompted Miss Smith to the study of the German language ; she also gave her some assistance in botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of mathematics. She devoted several hours before breakfast to learning Spanish. In one winter she acquired a knowledge of Arabic and Persian. She began to study Latin and Greek in 1794. She had no regular instruction in any language except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language, but want of books prevented her prosecuting that study. The books she read indicate the intensity of her studies. In August 1793 she read in German "Der Golden Spiegel" and Wiessen's Poems ; and in the same year, the "Iliad," Klopstock's "Messiah," Kleist's Works, Haller's Poems, and Zimmerman's "Solitude ;" and in Spanish. "Don

Quixote," and the "History of the Incas" by Garcilasso de la Vega. In 1795 she read Cæsar's "Commentaries," Livy, and Cicero's Works, Virgil, Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," Spenser, Gisborne's "Duties of Man," Horace, Wieland's "Oberon," Froissart, "Memoirs of Petrarch," &c.; and in 1798, proving the excellency of her judgment, she wrote: "Being now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected; when I imagine what, with those advantages, I ought to be, and find myself what I am, I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me, to try to make amends for past negligence by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the Word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished, to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer." In 1803 Miss Smith had completed her most considerable literary work—a translation of the Book of Job from the original Hebrew, which was published after her death, on the strong recommendation of Dr.

Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. On the completion of this translation the young authoress commenced a translation of the works of the German author Klopstock, which was subsequently printed by the poet's widow. She had devised many important literary labours; but these were her last. In her twenty-ninth year she was interred at Hawkshead, in Cumberland; a plain tablet of white marble truthfully said that "she possessed great talents, exalted virtues, and humble piety."

Many additional instances might be cited of learned labours of industrious females, amongst which may be named Lady Bacon's translation of Bishop Jewel's "Apology for the Church of England" from the Latin, Miss Elstob's and Miss Gurney's translations from the Anglo-Saxon, Miss Brooke's translation from the Irish, Mrs. Grant's translations from the Gaelic, Lady Guest's "Mabinogion" from the Welsh, and Mrs. Austin's translations from the German. Amongst critical works, Madame de Staël's "Germany," Mrs. Lennox's "Shakspeare Illustrated," and Mrs. Montagu's "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare." The celebrated letters of Madame de Sévigné and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Mrs. Macaulay's "History of England from James I. to the Restoration." Bettisia Gozzadina, who was born at Bologna in 1209, made such progress in general scholarship, that at the age of twenty-three she pronounced an eloquent funeral oration in

Latin of her own composition in the principal church of her native city, applied herself to the study of the law, had the degree of doctor conferred upon her by the university, and at last, in 1239, was appointed to one of the judicial chairs, which she continued to occupy till her death, ten years after, acquiring great reputation by her lectures, and also by the works which she had published. Another lady of Bologna, Joannes Andrea, was forty-five years professor in the university of that city ; she had two daughters, who both became celebrated lawyers.


Female authorship in modern times is neither rare nor obscure ; certainly some of the most successful books written during the last quarter of a century are the productions of females whose names have become household words : chiefest in loving remembrance are the names of Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Brontë, George Eliot (Miss Evans), Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Martineau, Miss Bremer, Mrs. Bowring, Miss Proctor, Miss Austen, Miss Strickland, Miss Pardoe, Miss Muloch, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Gore, Miss Jewsbury, and Miss Marsh. These writers, while demonstrating the literary capability of women, indicate the tendency and direction in which women would employ their talents—to ameliorate suffering, to expose wrong, to bring the erring back to the truth, and to light up the hearts and homes which are now fullest of blackness and despair with material happiness and spiritual blessings, with God's joy and everlasting love.

VII.

Dr. Thought and Imagination

"Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from heaven,
On earth at dewy nightfall visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody."

PROFESSOR WILSON

"HE rights of woman," "woman's mission," and "the sphere of woman," have been the subject and plaint of many earnest and eloquent pens. Some writers have been unfailing in their proof that the world, in its dealings with woman, has committed a world of wrongs. Laws and customs have been cited in illustration of the fact that woman has been held in thrall, her energies maimed, and her opportunities "cribbed, cabined, and confined." Dr. Johnson said that "any acquaintance with books among women at the time Addison began to write was noticed only to be censured." How, under such depressing circumstances, was it possible that women generally should manifest the possession of talents and intellectual powers? How, under the depression of *caste*—for, profess what we may, it is undeniable that the productions of women

are approached with prejudice—was it possible that they should be able to maintain the position of being man's helpmate, if not his equal, in intellect and intellectual labours? What, indeed, could be anticipated as the result of the opportunities and education, if it was worthy of the name, given to woman? That education, lifeless and insipid in its communication, attained its desired end in a slight knowledge of the piano, a little French, Berlin wool, or fancy work. And yet, despite these hindrances, woman, not in isolated instances merely, has risen above adverse circumstances and manifested energies and capabilities which have earned and won for her deserved respect, if not univereal admiration. She has not hesitated, confiding in her own powers, to enter the arena and contest public plaudits in almost every work which man deemed to be his peculiar province; and if she has not excelled, she has certainly equalled him in many of his most vaunted powers.

As an evidence of the literary industry of women, the fact may be cited that Count Leopold Ferri, who died at Padua in 1847, left a library composed of works written exclusively by women, amounting to 32,000 volumes! And if it is admitted that some of these books would have been better written had they been written by men, the fact must not be overseen that some of the most popular works of fiction of modern times are the production of women.

In addition to almost fabulous sums paid for these books by the publishers, they have been translated and reprinted in all parts of the world—excellent evidence of their interest and value. But not in fiction only has woman won laurels. In any and every form of literature she has evidenced the possession of power and capability. Southey and Scott did not hesitate to declare that some of the lines of Joanna Baillie were equal to the productions of Shakspeare. It is admitted that "Rienzi," by Miss Mitford, abounds in the noblest passages, and that in her description of the passion of hatred she is unequalled by any writer. Mrs. Cowley's dramas, which still hold a place in the estimation of the scholar, had an interesting origin. Witnessing the performance of a little interlude, and being told that it would bring its author five hundred guineas, Mrs. Cowley produced within a fortnight "The Runaway," which brought her eight hundred guineas!

In the less excitable field of history, women have obtained large rewards and golden opinions. Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, a woman of extraordinary mental powers, produced a monument of industry in her "History of the Stuart Family;" Miss Strickland has rendered not less service in her "Lives of the Queens," which have the fascination of the most brilliant romance. In this direction, also, Lucy Aiken has achieved a great success. As essayists, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Grant of Laggan have been

eminent. Miss Edgeworth will ever be respected, through the medium of fiction, as a great moral teacher. Miss Martineau has attained fame in almost every field of literature. Madame le Genlis was the author of the most successful works published in her time. At one period Mrs. Ann Radcliffe was a host in the world of fiction. Lady Morgan and Mrs. S. C. Hall have gained golden opinions by their graphic descriptions of Ireland and its people. Mary Russell Mitford has been equally successful in her delineations of humble life in England. The Misses Porter were the precursors of Sir Walter Scott in the production of history under the garb of fiction.

It is not less strange than true that the most popular and enduring lyrics are the production of women; amongst these may be cited "The Flowers of the Forest," "Auld Robin Gray," and "There's nae Luck about the House." In this direction L. E. L. won for herself an undying name; and Mrs. Hemans achieved a position which has not since been wrested from her. Mary Howitt has written upon almost every subject, and, which is saying much, equally well. The name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning ranks with the most highly-estimated poets of any period. Mrs. Somerville and Miss Herschel in the physical world have reputations which equal the most scientifically eminent. Madame Dacier, the accomplished translator of Homer, was at the same time the honoured correspondent of Pope. Mrs. Marcet was the equal

of Miss Martineau as an exponent of political economy. Madame de Staël, for extent of knowledge and for vigorous power of thinking, was excelled by few masculine minds. An earlier example of female excellence is furnished in the life of Donna Agnei, who not only conversed fluently in Latin, but in almost every modern language. She became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Bologna in 1740, and was the author of a very elaborate work, the "Analytical Institutions." Art criticism has had no truer exponents than Mrs. Jameson and Mary Cowden Clarke.

In another province, that of ruler, it has been asked, "What man has ever sat on the English throne who was wiser in diplomacy and firmer in rule than the great Queen Elizabeth?" It has been equally relevantly asked, "What king was a match for Catherine II. of Russia?" It is also remembered that the beauty and genius of Aspasia caused the famous war of Peloponnesus, and conducted Athens to its most glorious and refined epoch. These instances, which might be considerably extended, evidence woman's possession of mental power and intellectual capability; and that if she has not generally given this evidence, it has been owing to defective education or the want of proper opportunities for the exercise of her talents. Ebenezer Elliott, in some admirable lines, intimates a golden future for woman:—

“ What highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art ?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boast city, field, or mart ?
‘ She hath no Raphael ! ’ Painting saith ;
‘ No Newton ! ’ Learning cries.
‘ Show us her steam-ship ! her Macbeth !
Her thought-won victories ! ’

“ Wait, boastful man ! though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou art true ;
Things worthier still, and holier far.
Our sister yet will do.
For this the worth of woman shows
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows
He honours her the more.

“ Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power
Hath man’s meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven !
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven’s brightest rose shall bloom ;
For woman’s best is unbegun,
Her advent yet to come.”

Amongst the women who have been notable for intellectual attainments and usefulness of life, Mrs. Hannah More occupies a prominent place. Her industry was something marvellous, and her success was not less extraordinary. It is stated that she realized as the result of her pen not less than £30,000, and that many of her large works were circulated to the extent of 50,000 copies; that they were also reprinted in America, and translated into French and German. The numbers circulated of her smaller pieces amounted to millions. “ In her days of infancy,” it is said,

"when she could possess herself of a scrap of paper, her delight was to scribble upon it some essay or poem, with some well-directed moral, which was afterwards secreted in a dark corner where the servant kept her brushes and dusters. Her little sister, with whom she slept, was usually the repository of her nightly effusions; who, in her zeal lest these compositions should be lost, would sometimes steal down to procure a light, and commit them to the first scrap of paper which she could find. Amongst the characteristic sports of Hannah's childhood, which her mother was fond of recording, we are told that she was wont to make a carriage of a chair, and then to call her sisters to ride with her to London, to see bishops and booksellers—an intercourse which was afterwards realized. The greatest wish her imagination could frame, when her scraps of paper were exhausted, was one day to be rich enough to have a whole quire to herself. And when, by her mother's indulgence, the prize was obtained, it was soon filled with suppositious letters to depraved characters to reclaim them from their errors, and letters in return expressive of contrition and resolutions of amendment."

When she was seventeen years of age she wrote "The Search after Happiness," which was performed by the young ladies of her sisters' school, and then printed and extensively circulated. At the age of twenty she had an intimate acquaintance with the

French language, and at the same time cultivated with assiduity the Italian, Latin, and Spanish languages. Her favourite amusement at this early age was to translate some of the odes of Horace, and some of the works of Metastasio. But these translations have not been preserved. In 1777 she wrote a dramatic poem entitled "Percy." An edition of 4000 copies was sold in a fortnight, and realized for its author £600. In 1788 appeared, anonymously, her "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great in General Society," which had a wide circulation—seven large editions were sold in a few months, the second in little more than a week, and the third in *four hours*. A subsequent work, with the like design, "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, by one of the Laity," had a considerable success, five editions being sold in two years. A little political dialogue, "Village Politics, by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter," was printed in tens of thousands; several thousand copies were purchased by the Government for free distribution. This little work was deemed sufficiently important to warrant its translation into French and Italian. This was followed by "The Cheap Repository," which was issued for three years—its editor, however, had the assistance of her two sisters, Sarah and Martha, as well as other contributors.

It was owing to the publication of "The Riot," one of Mrs. More's ballads, that the Bath colliers

were dissuaded from making an attack on the mills and destroying private property. The same ballad was also successful in suppressing a tumult at Hull. Owing to these practical results, the "Repository" was translated into the French and Russian languages, and obtained for Mrs. More the special notice of the Government. In 1799 she sent from the press one of her most important works: "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a view to the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune." Of this work 19,000 copies were sold. In 1805 she produced her "Hints for the Education of a Young Princess," of which six editions were issued and 6000 copies sold. Her "Coelebs in Search of a Wife," published in 1808, ran through twelve editions in the first year, and five editions subsequently; in all, 21,000 copies. The publisher paid Mrs. More £2000, the profits of the first year's editions. The success of the work was even greater in America—30,000 copies were sold before Mrs. More's death. The next work, the result of Mrs. More's prolific pen, entitled "Practical Piety; or, the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life," was even more successful than her former book. The following year the sequel to "Practical Piety" was published, "Christian Morals," which ran through eleven editions.

It is noteworthy that much of this vast literary labour was achieved under the depression of sickness

and suffering. She used to say that her frequent attacks of illness were a great blessing to her, independently of the prime benefit of cheapening life and teaching patience; for they induced a habit of industry not natural to her, and taught her to make the most of her *well* days. She laughingly added, it had taught her also to contrive employment for her sick ones; that, from habit, she had learned to suit her occupations to every gradation of the measure of capacity she possessed. "I never," she said, "afford a moment of a healthy day to transcribe, or put stops, or cross *t*'s, or dot my *i*'s; so that I find the lowest stage of my understanding may be turned to some account, and save better days for better things. I have learned from it also to avoid procrastination, and that idleness which often attends unbroken health."

But this exemplary woman found other employment beside literary labours, her most valued being the establishment of schools for the young around the place of her residence, which excited considerable apprehension from the ignorant farmers, and even from those whose station and opportunity ought to have taught them better. "We shan't have a boy to plough, or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton," said they. Despite this opposition, however, Mrs. More persevered in her intention, rented a cottage, and opened the school herself. The success of this experiment prompted the open-

ing of schools in several neighbouring parishes, which also more than answered the expectations of the benevolent founder. Mrs. More in addition established benefit societies for the women of the several parishes, who very largely took advantage of the society to make provision against sickness and want.

Another of the methods adopted by Mrs. More to do good was to employ any spare or leisure moment in making little useful and ornamental articles to be sold at Fancy Fairs for charitable purposes; the fact that they were the produce of Mrs. More added many times to their intrinsic value. Such was her assiduity and desire to do good, that upon one occasion she knitted so continuously as to produce an abscess in her hand. One of her most favourite contributions was a drawing of a negro slave in a supplicating attitude, under which was written and signed by herself some short metrical appeal. And thus this good and great woman spent her life prompting others to do good, and doing good herself.

As she approached the end of her long life, a perceptible decay of her mental powers was observable, and that was all. Her habitual cheerfulness never forsook her. To the very last she could read without spectacles the smallest print. Her hearing was excellent, and her features even were not shrunk or wrinkled. She died on the 7th of

September 1833, at which time she had attained to within five months of the completion of her eighty-ninth year!

No doubt much of Mrs. More's popularity was attributable to the paucity of authors of popular books at the time in which she lived; and that if she lived and published now, her books would have a much more limited circulation, or be written in a more engaging style; under any circumstances, the important results pecuniarily could not be expected. It would not therefore be wise for any one to enter upon a literary career with the anticipation of a like success. But, notwithstanding, the example of her life, especially in its continuous industry, has a value alike for male and female. It furnishes evidence sufficient that the most cultured minds are not independent of the arts and aids which are open to every capacity and condition, and without which it is impossible to advance and make progress. Purpose, effort, and industry seem to have been the chief means through which this admirable woman attained the great results of her life. Who is so meanly mentally conditioned as not to be able to determine upon a purpose, to make an effort for its attainment, and never to cease labouring until the end resolved upon is attained? That, at least, is the moral of the life of Mrs. Hannah More.

But the annals of literature furnish many remarkable instances of success achieved by persons who

have not had the opportunity to obtain any systematic education. One of the most notable of these instances is furnished in the life and writings of "a Labourer's Daughter," whose essay on the Sabbath, "The Pearl of Days," not only found acceptance with the Queen, who graciously commanded that it should be dedicated to her, but became the most popular and widely-circulated book of the year in which it was published. The history of its author—"the short and simple annals of the poor"—recounts the care and thought of a good and kind mother, who early imparted lessons of obedience and a knowledge of the truths contained in the Bible. Books were few, and the means to procure them were scanty in "the labourer's" cottage, so that any stray book, or part of a book, became a prize to the children. "Well do I remember," writes the authoress of the "Pearl of Days," "my brother finding a torn leaf of a little school-book in a bush in the haugh; it had been caught there when the stream was swollen by heavy rains. What a prize it was! one by one we committed it to memory while stretched upon the daisied sward during the sunny hours of a summer Sabbath-day; and I do not believe that there is one of the young group who then learned the beautiful hymn that stray leaf contained who does not retain its simple words indelibly impressed upon the memory, and feel in a renewed heart the influences of the blessed

truths taught in its lines. It was the hymn beginning—

‘ Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?’ ”

In another part of her interesting biographical sketch, she informs us how absorbed she was in the humble duties of her home. “ Our time fully occupied, we never felt the power of the temptations to evil to which young persons in the same circumstances are usually exposed ; we had been carefully taught in early childhood that—

‘ Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do ;’

and idle, empty hearts, too, he will fill with sin and folly. I firmly believe that the only safety from temptation in this world of sin, in this state of weakness, is to have our hearts full of the love of God, our understandings enlightened by the truth of God, and our hands actively engaged in whatever useful employment the providence of God places within our reach ; never sighing over our limited opportunities of doing good, never repining that we are not placed in situations and endowed with talents to do and suffer great things for the cause of Christ, or fretting because our opportunities of improvement are few and small.” Her opportunities, however, few and small as they were, husbanded and cared for with heedful industry, produced results which will be felt throughout eternity. And doubtless,

in time, many thousands will be induced, as the result of reading her little book, to value the Sabbath as the "Pearl of Days."

It is impossible to estimate the value to the world of woman's writings, and useless to make a comparison between her writings and those of men, as if it was a necessity to establish a rivalry and set up a distinction between the sexes. This is certain, that woman has proved herself capable, in almost innumerable instances, to further civilization, and to advance the cause of truth, by her writings; and without claiming for woman the chief instrumentality in the world's progress, it is certain that without her aid there would be at the present moment much less light and love, much less joy and harmony, than happily exists. The writings of men are diverse, just as their bent or direction of thought, their inclinations and constitutions, are diverse. Some so minded spend their powers in the solution of mathematical problems, in the search and discovery of the origin and source of things, in the development of mechanical science, and in the opening and expanding of the mind and the affections. The one study may require a closer and more consecutive train of thought than the other; but there may be quite as much hard thinking in fiction as in figures, in poetry as in the science of numbers. Why, therefore, should there be any quarrel, or disposition to quarrel, with woman because she also follows the bent of her dis-

position? If she is in earnest, and has a practical purpose in view, she is entitled to praise and honour, and should have awarded to her every furtherance and assistance. And how many women have thus been in earnest; giving to the world lesson and admonition, which it will be well if the world does not let die! Who can read the life-thoughts of Mrs. Felicia Hemans—the sweetest strains of divine poesy—and not feel that she has been a blessing to the world? And although the gifted poetess has gone to her reward, and personal intercourse is therefore impossible, who can read her thoughts without loving her as a dear sister?—without remembering her in the words of Sir Walter Scott, who, when bidding her farewell upon one occasion, said, “There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and *you* are one of these.” A very dear and precious sister of goodness was Mrs. Hemans!

When life was drawing to a close, and illness confined the gifted woman to her couch, though suffering severely, no words of trouble or repining passed her lips—all was borne with resignation and patience; and when not able to bear the fatigue of reading, she would repeat to herself chapters of the Bible and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth. To those who expressed commiseration for her physical condition, she was accustomed to say that “she lived in a fair and happy world of her own, among

gentle thoughts and pleasant images ;” and no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even given to temporary repose. “At times,” said her sister, “her spirit would appear to be already half etherealized ; her mind would seem to be fraught with deep, and holy, and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left perfectly alone, in stillness and darkness, ‘to commune with her own heart,’ and reflect on the mercies of her Saviour.” And so this sweet singer of the hearth and the affections went to her home. How our hearts warm towards her when we read her own words !—

“Thus let my memory be with you, friends !

Thus ever think of me !

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone ;

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found ;—

So let it be.”

Not less charmingly gifted were the sisters Charlotte, Emily, and Ann Brontë, first known to the public as “Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell,” who, although the daughters of a clergyman, had to suffer much privation, and even, as in the case of Charlotte, of hunger. Nevertheless these brave and good girls made resolutions and carried out purposes which obtained for them recognition and admiration from tens of thousands of loving hearts

in England and America, France and Germany ; for to these countries the books of these loving sisters soon found their way. "There are," says a critic, "but few instances to be found in the literary history of the time in which an unknown writer has taken a firmer hold at once on the public mind than the authoress of 'Jane Eyre.' The startling individuality of her portraits, drawn to the life, however strange and wayward that life may be, fixes them on the mind, and seems to 'dare you to forget.' Successions of scenes rather than of story are dashed off under a fit of inspiration, until the reader, awed, as it were, by the presence of this great mental power, draws breath, and confesses it must be truth, though perhaps not to be recognized among the phases of any life he may have known, or scenes he may have witnessed."

When Charlotte was left alone, when her two sisters and her brother had been carried to the churchyard, a friend who knew her well thus wrote of her:—"There was something inexpressibly touching in the aspect of the frail little creature who had done such wonderful things, and who was able to bear up with so bright an eye and so composed a countenance under such a weight of sorrow and such a prospect of solitude. In her deep mourning dress (neat as a Quaker's), with her beautiful hair, smooth and brown, her fine eyes blazing with meaning, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control, if

not of silence, she seemed a perfect household image, irresistibly recalling Wordsworth's description of the domestic treasure; and she was this. She was as able at the needle as the pen. The household knew the excellency of her cookery before they heard of that of her books. In so utter a seclusion as she lived; in those dreary wilds where she was not strong enough to roam over the hills; in that retreat where her studious father rarely broke the silence, and there was no one else to do it; in that forlorn house, planted in the miry clay of the churchyard, where the graves of her sisters were before her windows;—in such a living sepulchre her mind could not but prey upon itself; and how it did suffer, we see in the more painful portions of 'Villette.' She said, with a change in her steady countenance, that 'she should feel very lonely when her aged father died.' " Soon afterwards—all too soon—it was she that was carried to her long home, and her old father and newly-married husband were left to mourn her loss.

" So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Another young and gifted authoress was Miss Fanny Burney; who, when quite a girl, wrote "Evelina," and sent it to the publisher without the knowledge of her father. When the book was

published, after reading a notice of it in the *Monthly Review*, he ordered a copy from the publishers. On opening the first volume, a dedicatory ode to himself met his eye. As he read, his eyes filled with tears—his sweet suspicion that Fanny was its author was confirmed. Before speaking to his wife on the subject he read the book through, and was as delighted as he was surprised. His congratulatory letter to Fanny, who was then in the country, gave her unbounded joy, so that she wrote in her journal: "The approbation of all the world put together would not bear any competition, in my estimation, with that of my beloved father." Fanny was a good, sensible girl, or she would have been utterly destroyed for any future useful purpose by the praise she received, including the warmest admiration of Dr. Samuel Johnson, on the publication of her book. Instead, however, of this public notice exciting pride and vanity, it had the contrary effect. Writing to her sister, she said:—"A success so really unexpected almost overpowers me. I wonder at myself that my spirits are not more elated. I believe *half* the flattery I have had would have made me madly merry; but *all* serves only to almost depress me by the fulness of heart it occasions."

The incident of the introduction of Fanny's father to her book, calls up the interesting scene of Charlotte Brontë's informing her father that she had written a book. Going into his study, she

said, "Papa, I've been writing a book."—"Have you, my dear!"—"Yes; and I want you to read it."—"I am afraid it will try my eyes too much."—"But it is not in manuscript; it is printed."—"My dear, you've never thought of the expense it will be. It will almost be sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name."—"But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you, if you will just let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it." So she sat down and read some of the reviews to her father; and then, giving him a copy of "Jane Eyre" that she intended for him, she left him to read it. When he came in to tea, he said, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?" Praise which would be more welcome and more valued than many eloquent public encomiums.

VIII.

In Effort and Struggle.

"Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune ;
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life ; to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRYDEN has well said that "the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience ; not in enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, pride, and worldly honour." Patience—the quiet waiting for years—for a life, if needs be—in solitude and deprivation, that is heroism ; rushing into a rash act, that excites public attention, may instance the want of fortitude, as the deed of the suicide witnesses his cowardice.

The last Earl of Cromarty furnished a noble instance of this true heroism. During his confinement in the Tower his nephew, although taking no part in the rebellion, was imprisoned with him. When his uncle was discharged, he was no longer detained. The Earl and Countess—but Earl and Countess no longer—decided to reside in London,

and as Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie they fought earnestly against their misfortunes. Their nephew and his two daughters had also to struggle bravely for daily bread. In the end, George III. restored some portion of the attainted property to the Earl's daughter, on whose neck was plainly visible the mark of a blood-red axe, and admitted his nephew into the Charter-house. But the Earl's two grand-nieces had to fight the battle of life alone; and obtained a precarious living by making shirts and mending linen for their friends, and taking care of sets of chambers for gentlemen in the law. In Cannon Street there is a house that looks out upon a little railed-in grave-yard, and there these patient suffering ladies resided for some time, nobly fulfilling the duties of their fallen station, and dying, at length, honoured and lamented by all who knew them. What is the heroism of the battle-field to this heroism of daily life?—the patient, enduring bravery that meets the toils and troubles, the crosses and vexations, of common life—meeting them with no ostentatious pride, but in that humble but noble spirit that is not unduly inflated with hope nor cast down by despondency, and that holds to one firm resolve,—to use every lawful exertion, but to stoop to no meanness and to make no sacrifice of self-respect. Meeting the ills of life in an equitable temper, free from irritation and suspicion, ennobles a man more than fame-wreaths or public plaudits.

That was admirable advice which *Ary Scheffer* addressed to his daughter: "Farewell," said he: "strive to be of good courage—to be gentle-hearted; these are the true qualities of women. 'Troubles' everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate, whatever that may be; whether blessings or afflictions, behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict, *this* is life's inheritance—and, for that matter, mine has had its full share; but I may add, with somewhat of honest pride, that never have I suffered my mental energy to falter. With a little more selfishness, perhaps, I might easily have passed my life in superior comfort, and have enjoyed greater composure of mind. I ought to have been capable of controlling that weakness in my character which makes me shrink from the sight of other people's vexation or displeasure. This is, however, the least censurable of weaknesses." Is it censurable? Is it not rather the indication of the possession of those feelings which elevate humanity, which soften and soothe the acerbities of our rugged and always too selfish natures? To lack sympathy for suffering, not to be "gentle-hearted," is to forget woman's special province—to forego her nature. Her ministrations are without calculation. "Mercy may be twice blessed—blessing him that gives and

him that takes ;" but woman remembers only the sufferer she succours, not the reward she may receive. We are frequently reminded that courage and daring may be possessed by women with the most sensitive natures ; and that while their frames may seem fragile and weak, their spirits, towering above adverse circumstances, renders them callous to material ills, and brave in the performance of duty, however irksome or dangerous.

There was a noble purpose in the trial to which the Indians were accustomed to subject their young chiefs on their assumption of authority. These children of the forest, in their torturing initiatory rites, taught their young men to be brave—that only cowards exhibited fear, or gave the least expression to suffering ; and that, as they were taught to despise self-imposed torture, so should they fearlessly meet the trials incidental to their savage life. Is this training less needed in civilized life ? It is true that the dangers of the forest are not those of the towns, but the need of endurance is not less, and under some circumstances more. The girl or woman that has learned to endure and almost to expect disappointments, to treat them with good-humoured indifference, has an attainment, for the true purposes of life, more valuable and more to be desired than much property.

Mr. Gladstone, upon the occasion of a meeting for the distribution of prizes in London, remarked upon

the vast importance of treasuring odd moments ; and said that the secret of successful life might frequently be traced to the practice of usefully employing "bits of time." So, in like manner, does many a life become soured, vexed, and tormented, not with great trials, not with great disappointments, but with little petty vexations of daily life that sap and eat into the vitals of health and happiness. A great calamity would have great sympathy and condolence, and in the sight of the world could and doubtless would be borne heroically ; but the fret and worry of "things going wrong in the house," of careless and heedless servants, of small disappointments, have to be borne without remark, and therefore should be sustained all the more calmly and courageously. It must be confessed, however, that no small courage is needed to encounter the rising turbulence which the best disciplined may feel when confronted with disappointment and unexpected crosses. To make the best of life is, therefore, to learn in all circumstances and conditions "therewith to be content."

There is an admirable apposite remark in the "Friends in Council :"—"There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women ; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin or Greek. Yet there

are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves and more acceptable to those with whom they live than courage. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage, and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigour of mind which gives presence of mind, and makes the desire to assist overcome sickliness of sensibility. There is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest."

There are many notable instances on record of women who, in seasons of difficulty and danger, have manifested courage and resolution when men, under the same circumstances, have abandoned themselves to despair. The conduct of a Frenchwoman during the disastrous period of the French Revolution, which involved hundreds of families in misery and ruin, is specially worthy of mention. Her family, consisting of her husband and five children, pined in want in a small town in France. They had formerly been opulent; and the father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortunes with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated upon the means of withdrawing him from his

project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbours, she knew, would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient, and she knew that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many objects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she expressed to her husband with so much tenderness and courage that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity. "All is not lost," she said; "I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labour to support their father." She added, that if their labour was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated awhile over this proposition, and took his resolution with a constancy worthy of the honourable life he ever after led. "No," he said;

"I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me ; but since you are capable of such attachment for me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it." He then lost no time collecting together the remnants of his property, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department ; and in the first place where he thought he was not known he changed his dress for the coarse attire of a peasant, making his whole family do the same, and continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose ; in the neighbourhood of which he hired a cabin, with a field and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls ; and tools to cultivate the land for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a person to teach him. A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children ; and acquiring a competence from its labour and constancy, originating in the courage and fortitude of the mother, the whole family lived from that time in perfect peace and domestic union.

There is a very common historical engraving, which numerous copies have familiarized to tens of thousands—the trial of Lord Russell, which obtains its chief interest from the fact that the noble lord was not only supported by the presence and courage of his wife, but had her assistance in the conducting of his defence. It is difficult to speculate upon the

effort which had to be made by Lady Russell to subdue the natural emotion which she felt upon so imminent and trying an occasion, which resulted in the condemnation and death of her much-loved husband. Lord Russell, who was a man of distinguished merit, celebrated for the mildness and integrity of his character, and for his attachment to the religion and liberties of his country, when upon his trial, was informed by the Attorney-General that he might use the hand of one of his servants to take notes of the evidence for his use. Lord Russell answered, "that he asked none but that of the lady who sat beside him." When those present saw "the daughter of Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly." After sentence of death had been recorded, the devoted wife threw herself at the feet of Charles II. "The king," says Oldmixon, "saw this virtuous and lovely woman weeping at his feet, imploring but a short reprieve for her condemned lord, with dry eyes and a stony heart, though she was the daughter of Southampton, the best friend he ever had in his life." These supplications were the last symptoms of weakness, if they were deserving of that name, which she exhibited. Recalling her courage, she nerved herself against the dread hour, so that her example should but serve to strengthen the resolution of her husband. On the evening of his death he took leave

of his children with comparative composure, although he was a fond, loving parent; and on the day of his execution he separated from his wife with tender and dignified calmness. "The bitterness of death is now past," were his last words as he turned from her; for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. Speaking of her to his friend Cavendish, he said "she had been a great blessing to him," and observed what a misery it would have been if she had not had so much magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. He added, "There was a special providence of God in giving him such a wife, in whom were united noble birth, fortune, understanding, great religion, and affection to himself, but that her conduct in his extremity exceeded all."

Lady Russell bore the death of her loved lord with the greatest magnanimity. Though encompassed by the darkest clouds of affliction, and summoned in a sudden and dreadful manner to relinquish the counsel and affection of one of the best of men, she seemed born to evince that there is no trial too hard for a Christian to endure. The pangs of nature were severely felt, but not a single duty was forgotten. Surrounded by her children, she cast her care on Him who is the widow's Friend; and while she watched her heart with the utmost diligence that not a single murmur might escape her, she

summoned all the energies of her heroic mind to fulfil the sacred duties which had devolved upon her in the education and future management of her children. She nobly rejected every overture, and repressed the expectations of all those who sought to inspire her with a new attachment. In her offspring were centred all her earthly interests, though her brightest hopes were directed beyond the grave ; and there her imagination delighted to go in search of him who had been the partner of her happier hours, and who, though dead to all the world, was yet alive in her affectionate recollections. She had promised Lord Russell to take care of her own life for the sake of their children, and she faithfully observed her promise. She continued his widow to the end ; she survived him about forty years, when she departed to join him beyond the grave in her eightieth year, her death being a literal falling asleep.

Perhaps the career of Madame Guyon presents one of the most notable instances of struggle and endurance under circumstances of trial, of perplexity, and of suffering. When scarcely sixteen years of age, it was settled that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon, twenty-two years her senior, and whom she had only seen three days before her marriage ! M. Guyon's desire was to obtain a beautiful wife ; and the desire of her friends, to obtain for her a rich husband. Both were gratified ; and, as is too fre-

quently the case in such marriages, both were disappointed. Her mother-in-law, who was a passionate, sordid, and hard-hearted woman, contracted a dislike to her from the first, and lost no opportunity to show her ill-will and bad disposition, and to prompt her son to constant harshness towards his wife. Madame Guyon, in recording her experience of this period of her life, says: "At my father's house we were obliged to behave in a genteel way, and to speak with propriety: there, all that I said was applauded; here, they never hearkened to me but to contradict and find fault. If I spoke well, they said it was to give them a lesson. If any questions were started at my father's, he encouraged me to speak freely on such occasions; here, if I spoke my sentiments, they said it was to enter into a dispute. They put me to silence in an abrupt and shameful manner, and scolded me from morning to night." And yet, in the midst of these trials, she comported herself with cheerful forbearance and duty; she remembered what was due from her rather than what was due to her. When scarcely sixteen she was attacked by a dangerous illness, the thought of which occasioned her pleasure rather than distress, as she viewed death as a deliverance from her miserable life.

At this time her husband lost his property, but that gave her little concern, as no material circumstances could make her life more wretched than it

had been. But now she had recourse to the consolations of religion, and through the intercourse of a pious friend was directed to seek peace and tranquillity by the setting up of the kingdom of heaven within her. With this new experience her life was created anew. Trials were trials no longer; outward sorrows were absorbed by inward joys. Trials were tests of her faith, to be endured with the resolution of a martyr. Her churlish husband now complained that she loved God more than she loved him, and he and his mother set themselves the task to prevent her from praying! In order that she might not pray in secret, she was not permitted to leave her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bed-side. If she sat down to sew, her lips were watched to detect her praying. In the midst of these hard trials she was attacked by the small-pox, her husband being at the same time laid up with the gout. Her mother-in-law, instead of sending for a physician, allowed the disorder to attain its height; and it was only by accident that a doctor called at the house, who was so affected by Madame Guyon's appearance, that, despite the ravings of the inhuman mother-in-law, he bled her on the instant, at the same time expressing his utmost indignation at the inhumanity which had been exercised towards her. On her recovery, though her marvellous beauty was all gone, no word of repining came from her, as during her illness no word of murmuring

had been heard. Saddest trial of all, her little boy had taken the distemper on the same day with her, and had died for want of care; yet she solaced herself with the thought that God had given him to her, and that he had done right in taking him away. She would still bless the name of the Lord. On attaining her twenty-eighth year her husband died, yet not before acknowledging his wife's constancy, and his own selfishness and unworthiness. He left his affairs in great disorder, which were further increased by the hindrance and harassment of his mother, and yet the determined perseverance of Madame Guyon brought order out of confusion, to the admiration of all who knew the difficulties of the circumstances. And when her mother-in-law was drawing towards the close of her life, she also made the most ample confession of sorrow for her almost inhuman conduct towards her, as well as admission of her many excellencies. Her waiting-maid, also, who had been prompted to most unworthy conduct, now learned in the most loving manner to render her service; and when Madame Guyon removed to Gex, near Geneva, the girl would not be consoled for her loss, but actually died of sorrow.

Arrived at her new home, Madame Guyon immediately commenced to be of service to the poor, making up medicines for the sick, visiting and relieving the poor. So excellent was her life, so exemplary and self-sacrificing, that numbers of per-

sons of all degrees and conditions of life came to her for advice and instruction. But the priests of the neighbourhood could not endure the thought that the people should neglect them and go for consolation to a woman. They therefore spread a report that her doctrines were unsound, and some little works that she had published, entitled "Torrents," and "Short Method of Prayer," they caused to be burned in the public square. Her little cottage was surrounded in the night-time by a drunken rabble, her garden was speedily laid waste, her windows all broken, and her ears greeted the night through with insults and curses. When, as the result of these outrages, she was ordered to quit the diocese, she returned to France—to Grenoble—and then, in 1686, to Paris, where, owing to her intercourse with several members of the nobility, she was again subjected to persecution.

To secure her confinement, a letter was forged, by which the needed order was obtained from the king to confine her in the Convent of St. Marie. At the outset she was treated with great harshness, but her gentle goodness soon affected her gaolers, so that they could not sufficiently speak of the excellence of her life and patience under her sufferings. After eight months' suffering, through the aid of Madame de Maintenon she was released from prison, only again to become the object of persecution by her half-brother, Père La Mothe, who entertained most dia-

bolical designs towards her, but from whom, owing probably to the great sincerity and simplicity of her character, she was preserved. She was also persecuted by Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, and Gaillard. Bossuet had, in the first instance, been much delighted with her, and owned to having lived for three days, as the result of her conversations, in the divine presence; and yet he subsequently persecuted the woman whom he then, for the love that she had to God, almost adored! He and others obtained the influence of the Pope, who caused Madame Guyon to be imprisoned in Vincennes; and Fénelon, for defending her, was banished to his diocese. Here she wrote: "It seemed to me as if I were a little bird, whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world." In 1698 she was removed to the dungeons of the Bastille, where for four years she was incarcerated in one of its strongest cells. She was not permitted any intercourse with the outer world; she was, while living, shut up in a tomb. In 1702 she was banished to Blois, one hundred miles from Paris. And although, at the period of her release, only fifty-four years old, she was, owing to her sufferings, both in appearance and constitution a very old woman.

The remainder of her days were employed in writing her autobiography. In 1717 she fell into her last sleep, at peace with God, with herself, and with the world, leaving, as an incentive to those who come after, the lesson of her patience, endurance, and courage.


“ God gave much peace on earth, much holy joy :
Oped fountains of perennial spring, whence flowed
Abundant happiness to all who wished
To drink: not perfect bliss; that dwells with us,
Beneath the eyelids of the Eternal One,
And sits at his right hand alone: but such,
As well deserved the name—abundant joy—
Pleasures on which the memory of saints
Of highest glory still delights to dwell.”

IX.

In Courage and Bravery.

"All desperate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least estate ;
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success."

DRYDEN.

 RUE courage has been defined the fear of nothing so much as a shameful action ; and he is most courageous who goes resolutely and undauntedly wherever duty calls. Courage in company may be cowardice in disguise. It is probable that the heroism of many celebrated military actions have been achieved under the inspiration of excitement, or may be the accident of favouring circumstances, rather than the effort of personal prowess, determination, or endurance. More true courage may be exercised in the by-ways of private life than in the performance of many notable actions which have excited the wonder and admiration of the world. The endurance and patient continuance of a life must be greater than the enthusiasm of a moment, although that moment has been full of peril and danger.

Many a daughter, when illness or disaster has brought misfortune to her home, has cheerfully foregone the life she had previously led, with all its attractions and excitements, and accepted some menial employment, in order that she might maintain her loved parents. There may be more courage in a life of holy sacrifice than in storming a forlorn hope, or in rushing into the deadly breach. Can we realize the heroism of successfully subduing noble aspirations, enduring cheerfully the company of those who are coarse in manner and coarse in expression, and exchanging without repining cherished intellectual studies for the employment of making dresses, serving in a shop, or teaching in a school? It is true that these services are compatible with the highest developments of life, but it is the contrast with previous employments, and with previously formed expectations, that constitutes the heroism and nobleness of the action.

Many instances of this cheerful endurance occurred at the close of the American War, when numbers of the young ladies of the South, who had been carefully and tenderly educated, and whose homes and fortunes had been destroyed, who previous to the war had been accustomed to ride in luxurious carriages, and have at their command almost unlimited resources, were to be seen driving a two-horse waggon, going to market like common servants, and performing the hardest and coarsest work of the

house. The Holly Springs (Mississippi) *Reporter* said,—“They can go in the kitchen and prepare a dinner equal to a French cook. And when called into the parlour will play the sweetest music. These girls have cheerfully conformed to the change in their pecuniary circumstances.” In contemplating this patient wisdom under adverse positions, we are reminded of the admirable sentiment of Dryden, that “an intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind, and the staff of life.”

That, then, is true courage which bears without repining a necessitated life of coarse and uncongenial labour; which sets at nought public remark, and wears old and quaint garments rather than contract debts; which sets at defiance scandal, tale-bearing, and ill-will; which speaks the truth upon all occasions, and does right in every action; and by steadfast application to duty and every task of life, by undeviating faith, by integrity and honesty, lives a life which will be approved by an honest conscience, and at the last have the “Well done” of the heavenly Father. A conscience which is not only void of offence to all men, but which faithfully does right to all men, is above rubies. “Oh, what a treasure

to possess, is that of a good conscience—strong in itself, and secure from all reproach and fear! To this we owe the elevation of our soul in humiliation and abasement, calm resignation in misfortune, fortitude under persecution, and confidence in God in the most difficult circumstances of life.” Dodsley, in his excellent little book, “The Economy of Human Life,” has well said,—“Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are the lot of every one who cometh into the world. It behoveth thee, therefore, early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience; that thou mayest support with resolution thy allotted portion of calamity. A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune: his greatness of soul is not to be cast down. He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand. By shrinking under poverty he stoopeth down to meanness, and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries. As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble. In the hour of danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.”

But if courage and bravery may find an outlet in the cottage, and in the silent unobserved by-ways of life, not less may it be seen in dangerous duty, and in the performance of deeds which excite the enthusiasm and admiration of the world. In

numberless situations of imminence and peril, girls of the tenderest years have not been found wanting in calmness and courage, or in that firmness and resolution so needful for success. Perhaps, in these respects, the deeds and daring of young females may be contrasted with many glorious actions of the opposite sex—and the deeds lose nothing by the contrast. It is true that posterity has learned to shudder at the act which brought the beautiful girl, Charlotte Corday, to the block; not, as Lamartine has said, “from the end, but the means; not through the face, but the hand; not through the soul, but through blood.” And yet it is impossible not to award that otherwise gentle girl our admiration—yes, and our love. In striking the tyrant Marat, she hoped to save those who were already marked for death; according to popular report: 2500 at Lyons, 3000 at Marseilles, 28,000 at Paris, and 300,000 in Brittany and the Calvados! Would it not be better, she reasoned, to strike this wholesale murderer—this Marat—whose signature was only needed to consign so many human beings to the hands of the executioner? That she would lose her own life in the act, was a matter not worth a moment’s thought in comparison with the service she would render her country. That she had fully satisfied herself that her life would be forfeited, is evident from the words she uttered as she left her home to complete the great act of her life. “Here,

Robert," she said, handing a boy she was accustomed to play with, her drawing-board, that she now needed no longer; "here, this is for you; be very good—kiss me—you will never see me more;" and then she went on her perilous self-imposed duty—to sacrifice the chief monster of that hideous period, as she wrote, "condemned by the universe, and beyond the pale of the law." She struck Marat to the heart as he lay in his bath, and thought that she had done Heaven and her country a service. Writing to her father on the eve of her trial, she said: "My dear and respected father, peace is about to reign in my beloved native country, for Marat is no more! Be comforted, and bury my memory in eternal oblivion. I am to be tried to-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning. I have lived long enough, as I have achieved a glorious exploit. I put you under the protection of Barbaroux and his colleagues, in case you should be molested. Let not my family blush at my fate; for, remember 'that crimes beget disgrace, and not the scaffold.' Your affectionate daughter, Charlotte Corday."

The peasant girl Joan of Arc manifested extraordinary judgment and courage in raising the siege of Orleans, and in completing her promise to obtain the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. Clad in armour, she led the troops with the courage of a veteran, inspiring the soldiers with a martial spirit. Heading a sortie at the siege of Compiègne, she was

taken prisoner by the English, who, to their everlasting disgrace, tried and condemned her for sorcery! In the market-place of Rouen, immediately opposite the great gate of the Church of St. Ouen, a stake, elevated enough to procure a full view of the victim, was erected, piled around with wood and combustibles, the cap of the Inquisition was put upon her head, and she was dragged forward and placed upon the pile. So touching, however, was the deportment of the courageous girl, that the very officials were melted to tears. The name of the Saviour was the last to quit her lips; and as long as she retained a single breath of life, she appeared to be pouring out her soul in prayer. It was a sad tragedy, and a mournful mistake. Why should it have been supposed that because Joan was successful in her military efforts, that therefore she must have been a sorceress?—that it was to the black art, and not to military talent and personal courage, that she owed her marvellous achievements?

Long before her time, Jane de Montfort, or Jane of Flanders, was celebrated as possessing “the courage of a man and the heart of a lion.” “She was,” says Père Morice, “above her sex, and yielded to no one in courage or military virtues: no adversity could crush her.” Upon the occasion of the Count de Montfort’s imprisonment, she assumed the command of the forces; journeying from fortress to fortress, she encouraged the wavering, concerting and

planning for the expected attack; finally, shutting herself within the town of Hennebon, she awaited the approach of the hostile troops. Very soon Charles de Blois, at the head of the French army, blockaded the town, expecting that it would shortly capitulate, and that the intrepid Jane would be delivered into his hands. Riding up and down the streets, the female general, clothed in complete armour, urged bravery and constancy upon her hearers, incited all who could hold a sword to the combat, and summoned women, and children even, to hurl stones and missiles upon the besiegers. She frequently headed sallies upon the enemy, which were always attended with success! Upon one occasion, after effecting a most successful raid, she found herself and her small band intercepted so as not to be able to regain the town; she commanded her followers to disband, and make the best of their way to Brest. Here she met them with a considerable force that she had been able to collect, and then at sunrise the next day she broke through the enemy's ranks, and joined her friends in the town. During the siege she exercised consummate ability, great presence of mind and bravery, until relieved by assistance from England.

More recently, the famous Maid of Saragossa furnished an instance of female courage not exceeded in valour by any instance, ancient or modern. At the time when she first attracted notice, at the siege of Saragossa, she mounted a battery where her lover

had fallen and worked a gun in his stead ; at that time she was only in her twenty-second year, exceedingly beautiful, and of a singularly gentle disposition. Her conduct induced the citizens to resume the defence of a gate which they had abandoned. It was at the same siege that the Countess Braila also manifested remarkable courage. Organizing a corps of females, she exposed herself to all the dangers of a siege to relieve the wounded, and to carry provisions to the combatants. Jane Hachette, also, so early as 1472, distinguished herself during the siege of Beauvis—her native town. At the head of a body of women, she successfully defended the town from the attacks of the enemy, and snatching the colours from the hand of the standard-bearer, precipitated him from the walls on which he was about to establish them. To commemorate the incident, as well as to reward her bravery, the noble girl was allowed to carry the same colours at the head of the army. Her portrait is preserved at Beauvis, and the anniversary of the event commemorated by the inhabitants. It is also related of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who accompanied the royal army to Orleans, that she opened a passage into the city, and, by her resolution and eloquence, prevailed upon the inhabitants to espouse the cause of the Fronde. Soon after she rescued the great Condé, who had been defeated by the Marshal Turenne, by hastening with the citizens of Paris to his aid, opening the

gates of the city, and causing the guns of the Bastile to be fired on the troops of the king.

Lord Kames relates several instances of wonderful female courage. Some Iroquois, in the year 1690, attacked the Fort de Vercheres in Canada, which belonged to the French, and had approached silently, hoping to scale the palisade. They were, however, repulsed by some musket-shot. On advancing again, they were again repulsed; they were the more astonished, as they could only see one woman. This was Madame de Vercheres, who, although supported only by women, sustained a two days' siege, when the Indians were compelled to retire. Two years afterwards, another party of Iroquois appeared before the fort again, when it was only defended by a young girl, the daughter of the proprietor, and one soldier. By frequently changing her dress and appearing in various parts of the building, the Indians imagined that the place was defended by a garrison, and under this impression once more departed.

About the same time that this brave girl was defending the fort, Mademoiselle de la Charce was arming the villagers in her department of Dauphiny to resist the attack of the Duke of Savoy; she put herself at the head of her followers, and by judiciously harassing the enemy in the mountains, compelled them to abandon the country. While she was thus employed, her mother and sister were exciting the inhabitants of the plains to do their duty,

causing at the same time the cables of the enemy's boats to be cut. To mark the service of *Made-moiselle de la Charce*, she was awarded a pension by Louis XIV., and permission was given her to place her sword and armour in the treasury of St. Denis.

The *Times'* correspondent, writing from Lemberg during the Polish insurrection, states that he found a young lady timid and afraid of being looked upon as a wonder, who kept herself in almost perpetual seclusion, but so brave that on the day of battle she insisted on being placed in the first line, when she greatly distinguished herself in the action. Her relations had endeavoured to dissuade her from joining the troops, but without effect. She was known in her company as "Panna Maryan," or as Englishmen would say, "Maid Marian." She returned to her home, after many courageous acts of daring, badly wounded.

A much more pleasing instance of courage, because unassociated with blood and the horrors of the battle-field, is furnished in the career of Miss Betsy Millar, who recently died at the advanced age of seventy-one years; who had been mentioned in the House of Commons as furnishing an illustration of what a right-minded, an earnest, and indefatigable woman can do in order to discharge a debt and earn an honourable maintenance. Miss Millar was the daughter of the late Mr. W. Millar, for a long period a shipowner and wood-merchant in Saltcoats. In

her younger years she acted as clerk and "ship's husband" to her father, and when business affairs took an unfavourable turn, with a resolution which might truly be called heroic, she took the command of an old brig, the *Clitus*, and became "sailing master." So successful was her career, that she was enabled to pay off a debt of £700, which her father's estate owed to creditors, maintain herself in comfort, and bring up two sisters left dependent upon her. The *Clitus* traded between Ardrossan and the coast of Ireland for more than thirty years. She transacted all the business connected with freight, cargo, and ship's stores, engaged her crew, and directed the ship's course through all weathers !

An interesting instance of moral courage is related of Miss Ellen Teresa M'Dough, whose father was plaintiff in a tedious chancery suit, Lord Plunket, then Attorney-General, being his leading counsel. "On the third day of the final hearing," she said, "I walked into the court. I was then young, and buoyed up with wild enthusiasm of effervescent spirits. I listened a short time to one of the opposing counsel, who was addressing the court on behalf of the defendants, and, without a moment's reflection, I stood up and solicited the honour of being heard for a few moments. The court, the bar, and all were taken as if by electricity; the honour I sought for was at once acceded to me, in a sweet mild voice from the bench, from the lips of

a thin delicate man (Lord Manners). I was stating an unvarnished tale in so telling a manner that one of the defendants urged the counsel to compel me to sit down. 'You shall not,' replied Mr. Plunket; 'you would do a disgraceful act; the lady must be heard out;' and, sure enough, I was heard out. At the conclusion of my address my head reeled, my eyes swam, and the scene before me was chaos. On leaving the gallery whence I addressed the court, I was met by counsel, who told me a decree was pronounced in my father's favour, and that the Attorney-General wished to see me at his house in the morning. Next morning I was soon on my way to Stephen's Green (Dublin), where the late Lord Plunket then resided. I was speedily in the presence of the great and good man, who jocosely complimented me on my *débüt* at the bar, handed me back his fee of £10, 10s., and told me, 'should I ever want a friend in court, to call on him.' My reply was, 'God bless you, sir; I hope I shall soon see you Lord Chancellor.' He sailed that day for England, and when next he appeared in court it was as Lord Chancellor of Ireland."

X.

In Sickness and Suffering.

"Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed :
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless, and to be blest."

GRAHAME.



SUFFERING is the patrimony of every human being : it is the common lot from which no condition is exempt. Vocations are exercised and employments sought to ward off suffering ; vigils are kept and prayers and petitions are offered to escape from its influence ; but, like a sleuth-hound, it tracks us through every avenue of our being, leaving, as years increase, its trace on every human countenance. It is often supposed, by those whose lot has been cast amongst the poor, that to be exempt from suffering is to be exempt from toil and fatigue, and that it is the province of riches to purchase comforts, ease, and pleasure. So far as toil and the necessity of labour is concerned, this is true ; but immunity from suffering and sorrow cannot be obtained although untold riches should be expended in the

endeavour. Sorrow and suffering has been wisely entailed upon every condition of humanity ; and it would not be well, even if it were possible, to banish their influence, their salutary lessons, from human experience.

"Thou canst not tell
How rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul,
How firm a faith and eagle-sight of God."

Many a soul saved in the eternal world will own that salvation has come through the influence of sorrow ; that in bright, glad, and cheerful days there was no thought of God or of the Saviour ; and only when joy went out and sorrow came in, when the world and its treasures were proved to be delusive and evanescent, the "sure foundation" was sought, and a resting-place on the "Rock of Ages" was found.

"The sorrows which the soul endures,
Not self-inflicted, are but hooded joys,
That when she touches the white strand of heaven,
They cluster round her, and slip off their robes,
And laugh out angels in the world of light."

And death, which is so sure a certainty, often esteemed so great a calamity, will then be seen to be a priceless blessing—the entrance to an immensity of joy, and the shutting out of every possible form of sin and sorrow, distress and suffering. But long before that period arrives, priceless and measureless are the blessings which come from sympathy

not that charity and benevolence are duties ; they are blessings—blessing him that gives more than him that takes. The receiver has none of the glow and gladness which blesses the giver ; the blessing which comes from the Father when doing the Father's will, which raises the material to the spiritual, and echoes a glorious “ Well done ” through the innermost being.

This privilege and duty is the especial province of woman. Active offices of benevolence demand from her precedence ; and, whatever may have been her training or course of life, at the exhibition of pain or misery, suffering or sorrow, she throws open the portals of sympathy, and stretches out her hand to help and to succour. This aid is not always given in money. It is true, a little money well applied will often go far towards the relief of the indigent ; but pecuniary aid is not always the best aid, even if it could always be given. Time and personal exertion are in many cases more powerful agents for the relief of suffering and the rescuing of the distressed. The forms and modes by which this relief is best administered must be according to the circumstances and the necessities of the case. Advice and admonition, wisely given, must ever be productive of good ; but *mere* advice, without the practical application of the advice, will not be so certain of desired results. Material goodness and practical philanthropy may assume many

forms and take many shapes. Innumerable blessings may result from lessons given to the poor in order to enable them wisely and economically to purchase and to make their clothes, to cook cheap and relishable meals, to apply simple medicines to the sick, to instruct them in spending and saving money, and in securing comfort to their homes by cleanliness, order, and good management. This is a work which should not be left to accident or to momentary caprice ; it should be the well ordered and advised work of a life, having its allotted portion of time faithfully and sedulously administered. And then one who is thus employed becomes in the true sense a friend, to whom without secrecy the innermost thoughts are safely revealed. True friendship, which is sincere and ungrudging in its assistance, which neither weighs the thoughts nor measures the words, which takes the chaff and the grain together, sifting them kindly and faithfully, keeping what is good and dispersing what tends to evil, is an inestimable treasure, and moulds and fashions otherwise monotonous daily life into something nearer heaven.

During the "cotton famine" in Lancashire, the best and wisest form of philanthropy did not find its outlet in money donations, however essential and needful these were ; it was the aid which was given to the needy to help themselves. Long before the distress in the manufacturing districts

occasioned by the American war, night-schools were held in cottages and school-houses, where ladies taught factory women and girls to sew and to make their own clothing. Many ladies have been known to devote two and even three nights in the week to these schools. They could have paid a professional teacher much more conveniently than absenting themselves from the conveniences of their own homes, walking in all states of the weather three and four miles to instruct the ignorant, and not at all times grateful, factory people. But the services of a paid teacher would not affect the taught, excite their emulation and ambition, as the self-denying assistance of ladies who had no mercenary object to serve, and were therefore above suspicion. When the "cotton famine" dawned upon Lancashire, the question occurred how the occasion could be improved—what could be done to render assistance to those who were deprived of their usual means of living, and needed food? They were not, if possible, to be made paupers, mere recipients of charity; they must be employed, and paid for their employment. And then it was suggested that the women and girls should be paid for sewing—sewing, making, and repairing their own clothes; and while they could thus derive the means of living without becoming objects of charity—receiving money without labour—they were taught invaluable lessons, which would serve them their life through.

These sewing classes were held in all available places — Sunday-schools, day-schools, and even in churches and chapels ; and the teachers were the large-hearted and open-handed Sisters of Goodness, to be found exclusively nowhere, but belonging to all denominations where the Saviour's name is loved, his precepts obeyed, and his example lived. And while, in the first instance, these classes had the advantage of relieving the immediate distress of the factory workers, and at the same time communicating instruction in necessary home employments, the ladies had the opportunity, which they no doubt embraced, to impart moral and religious lessons, which would serve them not only through time, but throughout eternity. They were thus brought into contact with the wants and desires, with the needs and requirements, of a large class who fill the cities, populate the towns, and are to be found in the villages of the country. At least these ladies could say, if the means were not in their possession to do all they desired, they did what they could ; and in the eye of their heavenly Father that service would be remembered and rewarded. They could at least imitate the example of the Queen, who upon one occasion was found by a clergyman seated by the bedside of an aged female, imparting comfort and consolation from the inspired page. That scene and incident may well be remembered and treasured when the pomp and glory of her reign has become

a forgotten circumstance ; and perhaps the Queen herself at that moment had a purer joy than she had experienced when taking part in some gorgeous ceremony. In the state ceremonial all her subjects could not share ; but in her office of goodness, in ministrations of the sick, in visits of sympathy and assistance, they might in this angelic work call her sister and fellow-worker. And then the glory and honour of men are not accompanied with the promise of eternal rewards : imparting food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and visiting the prisoner in the prison, in the name of the Saviour, have the promise of the rich reward of the Father. It is not the praise and laudation of men which should be desired—often given to objects unworthy and to individuals undeserving—but the consciousness of performed duty in the eye of Him who seeth in secret, who takes note of the cup of cold water and the sympathetic tear, and who has promised that that deed, however silent and unobserved, shall not go unrewarded. Probably, while the world does not know its greatest men, it is unconscious of the greatest deeds, which, done in secret, shall be rewarded openly. And this also is true, that at the final audit, when the hearts of all men are laid open, when the motives and influences which prompted to actions are made bare, then many a hero will come forth from the courts and alleys, from the cellars and garrets of our large towns, and

their humble services shall have the "Well done" of the Father, while deeds which upon the earth had the acclaims of nations, will be seen to be mean, sordid, and prompted by selfish motives.

Amongst the most prominent and pre-eminent Sisters of Goodness, Mrs. Fry must have assigned to her a foremost place. Well did she earn, by her life of "doing good," the title of "the Female Howard." During thirty years she travelled more than forty thousand miles, and expended more than thirty thousand pounds in works of practical philanthropy. One of her earliest public labours, while yet a girl, was to establish and superintend a school on her father's premises for the poor children of Eartham and the surrounding parishes. When twenty years of age she married Mr. Fry, and removed to his house in London ; and although she became the mother of a large family, over which she watched with the most tender maternal care, yet she became a real friend to the poor. It was then said of her that she was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and the cause which she knew not she searched out. And then, when convinced of the importance of a religious life and of the folly and madness of sin, she did not hesitate, in connection with the religious denomination to which she was connected, to travel over England, Ireland, Scotland, and the continent of Europe, to warn men of sin, and to invite them to accept the offers of the gospel.

Her visits and preaching were blessed in numberless instances ; only eternity will reveal how blessed and precious were her services.

Amongst other places, Mrs. Fry visited Newgate, then the principal gaol in London. Her brother gives an interesting account of her labours there. "While," he said, "engaged in such missions, as well as at other times, she found abundant opportunities of putting forth her energies in the subordinate yet highly important character of a Christian philanthropist. She visited hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums ; and often addressed the inmates of these and other institutions in a manner which was most remarkably adapted to the state of her hearers. Well did she know, in depending on divine influence, how to find her way to the heart and understanding of the child at school, the sufferer on the sick-bed, the corrupt and hardened criminal, and even the wild and wandering maniac ; and thousands, both in her native land and in foreign countries, have risen up around her, and 'called her blessed in the name of the Lord.' The leading object, however, of her benevolent exertions was the amelioration of prisons. Her long and persevering attention to this object—which continued to be dear to her until her end came—commenced with a circumstance of special interest. At an early period of her life in London she was informed of the terrible condition of the female prisoners in

Newgate. The part of the prison allotted to them was a scene of the wildest disorder. Swearing, drinking, gambling, and fighting were their only employments : filth and corruption prevailed on every side. Notwithstanding the warnings of the turnkeys, that her purse, her watch, and even her life would be endangered, she resolved to go without any protection, and to face this disordered multitude. After being locked up with them, she addressed them with her usual dignity, power, and gentleness ; soon calmed their fury and fixed their attention ; and proposed to them a variety of rules for the regulation of their conduct, to which, after her kind and lucid explanations, they all gave a hearty consent. Her visits were repeated again and again ; and, with the assistance of a committee of ladies which she had formed for the purpose, she soon brought her rules to bear upon the poor degraded criminals. Like the maniac of Gennesaret, from whom the legion of devils had been cast out, these once wild and wretched creatures were seen neatly clothed, busily employed, arranged under the care of monitors, with a matron at the head of them, and, comparatively speaking, *in their right mind*. Every morning they were assembled in one of the wards of the prison, when a chapter of Scripture was read aloud in their hearing, either by the matron or by one of the visiting ladies."

When Mrs. Fry commenced her labours " she

found, she believes, all the women playing at cards, or reading improper books, or begging at the gratings, or fighting for the money thus acquired, or engaged in the mysteries of fortune-telling—for then there were amongst them one who would look into futurity; and the rest, who believed nothing else, were eager and implicit believers in the truth of her divine art. Want of employment was the object of their continual lamentation. They complained that they were compelled to be idle; and that, having nothing else to do, they were obliged to pass away their time in doing wrong. They went there to have the work of corruption completed; and the cases of many discovered, that before this period they came to Newgate almost innocent, but left it depraved and profligate in the last degree.”

Notwithstanding apparently insurmountable difficulties, Mrs. Fry established in the prison a school for the children of the prisoners, as well as succeeding in establishing a set of rules for the observance in working and regular behaviour of the prisoners. Six months afterwards, when the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and several of the aldermen visited the prison, they saw riot, licentiousness, and filth exchanged for order, sobriety, and neatness. They beheld no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no more resounded with obscenity, imprecations,

tions, and licentious songs ; and, to use the coarse but just expression of one who had known the prison well, this "hell upon earth" exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory or a well-regulated family.

On one morning of the week Mrs. Fry attended at Newgate to read the Bible to the prisoners. "This office," says her brother, "she performed with peculiar power and sweetness. The appropriate modulations of her deeply-toned voice gave great effect to her reading ; and the practical comments which she often added, after a solemn pause of silence, and sometimes a melodious prayer in conclusion, were the frequent means, under divine influence, of melting the hearts of all present. The prison was open on the appointed morning to any visitor whom she chose to admit ; and her readings were attended by a multitude of persons, both English and foreign, including many of high and exalted station in the world, who were all anxious to witness this extraordinary scene of order and reformation. It might often be observed that the poor prisoners themselves and the visitors of every class were equally affected. All were addressed as sinners—all directed to Him who is the Saviour from sin."

Mrs. Fry, in the company of her very excellent brother, Mr. Joseph John Gurney, visited in 1818 the prisons in England and Scotland ; the results of

which tour was the establishment, in 1821, of an association called "The British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners." To ameliorate the condition of the female transports, Mrs. Fry succeeded in forming a sub-committee of ladies for visiting before sailing of the convict ships. This committee—with which Mrs. Fry laboured most assiduously—provided for each female convict a Bible, with some other valuable necessaries, and also a plentiful supply of various materials for their employment in needlework during the four months' voyage to Australia. In a short time more than ten thousand female convicts were thus benefited by these exemplary and self-denying women. Another society was formed, not less useful, called "The British Ladies' Society, established for the Patronage of Discharged Female Prisoners;" the object of which was to prevent prisoners, through the temptation of their old companions, lapsing into their previous course of life.

Mrs. Fry, however, did not confine her labours to her own country: sorrow and suffering, sin and misery, were of every country. She visited and personally benefited the prisons in France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Prussia, and Denmark, also Switzerland, Italy, and Austria. In the course of her travels, Mrs. Fry finding the naval hospitals short of the means of profitable enjoyment for the convalescents, furnished, and was the means

of furnishing, libraries to several of the most important. Another equally important work was supplying 498 coast-guard stations with libraries of good books, which formed an aggregate of 25,896 volumes. When these were completed, 74 circulating libraries were added, comprising 120 to 400 volumes each. Then 48 "revenue cruisers" had each supplied to them a library. The 620 libraries, with books for the seamen's children, amounted to 52,464 volumes.

The labours of this truly excellent woman, who devoted her life solely to doing good, were brought to a close in 1845, in her sixty-sixth year. Honoured and loved by all who knew her, she had her reward upon the earth; and is now meeting an abundant reward in heaven.

It is pleasant to have to record an incident in the life of the Empress of the French, which shows that the honours and glory of the French Court have not made her unmindful of her duty to those that are in prison. A correspondent from Lisle informs his English readers: "When the empress went to the prison of Loss, her Majesty inspected the penitentiary in the most minute details, inquiring into everything—the sanitary state, dietary system and the general spirit of the inmates; nothing indeed, escaped her investigations. The empress excited astonishment at the precision and multiplicity of her questions on the most varied subjects—

hygiene, discipline, and administration—discussing everything with equal competency and solicitude. The young prisoners, who, knowing her Majesty's kindness of heart and charity, had given her a most hearty welcome on her arrival, were astonished to see so high a personage descend to minute details; they pressed around her and endeavoured to touch her dress, while their looks showed even better than any applause could do how grateful they were to see the empress interesting herself in their welfare, and recommending that nothing should be neglected for their improvement. The imperial visitor, in examining the dormitories, turned down several of the beds to ascertain the state of the linen. One of them being badly made, the sheets being too short, her Majesty observed it, and, joining example to precept, remade the bed with the precision of an accomplished housewife. The folding of the sheets would have done honour to a pupil at St. Cyr, where the dormitories are models of the kind. The empress did not confine herself to receiving several petitions presented to her by inmates whose good conduct proved their repentance, and promising to mediate for them with the emperor; but also conversed at length with some of them. 'You were at La Roquette?' she said to one lad, laying her hand on his shoulder. 'Yes, madame.'—'How much longer have you yet to remain?' 'Six months.'—'And where will you go when you leave

this place?' 'To Paris.'—'No, do not go to Paris; you will again meet with the bad acquaintances who led you astray. If you promise not to return there, I will try to obtain your release earlier.' Of course the lad gave his word, and ran off shouting, 'Vive l'Impératrice,' with all his might, to announce the news to his companions. 'And you,' said the empress to a boy of fifteen, 'what have you done to be here?' The young delinquent blushed, looked down, and remained silent. 'Come,' said her Majesty, laying her arm on his shoulder, 'come with me apart, I will confess you, and will not say a word to any one.' The empress then walked aside with the lad, and when she returned a minute or two later, her companion was in tears. Her Majesty shook him by the hand, and he went away with his head more erect, and no longer despairing of his own reformation. After these incidents I will not attempt to describe the cordial adieux made to her Majesty." Nor could the correspondent have described the joy and happiness which filled her heart.

The mother of George III. was also a Sister of Goodness, of whom many interesting incidents are recorded. Soon after her arrival in England she saw an advertisement in the newspapers which ran thus: "A man who has served his country bravely, is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family, too, who

are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortunes, and may be "witnesses of his present, by calling at ——." The princess resolved to see the man who thus advertised. In a simple morning-dress, and in a common conveyance, so that she might not attract attention, in company with a lady, who was her companion, she arrived at the appointed place. The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment, which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features expressed at once poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed in death, and whose face out-did her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a cold fire, having on his knee a boy wrapped in a flannel petticoat, over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with looks of affection and anguish. All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her Highness stopped short, drew close to her companion and clasped her in her arms, overcome by her sensations on first entering this chamber of horror. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of its hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies and begged them to sit down. Her Highness, then opening her lips for the first time, said,

"With all my heart." The scene that followed is beyond description; hope and expectation sat trembling on the parents' eyes, while sensibility and pity beamed from the royal visitor's features, and diffused over all her countenance a graceful sorrow and dejection.

The man then told his story in simple but heartfelt words. "He had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany. A knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves. One of these hot-headed youths had sent him a challenge, on a very frivolous pretence, which, from motives of honour and duty, he refused to accept. Inferences were drawn from this, and combinations were formed to insult and ruin him. They represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer, and a bad officer. His conduct was inquired into, and, overpowered by numbers, he was broken for crimes which he had never committed. After this, he set out immediately with his family for England, to lay his case before the Secretary of War, and to implore justice, but having no powerful friend to introduce him into the War-office, the secretary would not listen to his complaints. This put a period to his hopes. His wife was then seized with sickness, and being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies or a

surgeon's attendance, the distemper was soon communicated to the children, and in a fit of agony and despair he had sent the advertisement to the newspaper which had brought his visitors." It was a case of unfeigned distress. The princess at once presented him with ten guineas, and informed him, for his comfort, that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related his story, was so much impressed by its relation, that she would not rest until she had procured him justice. The astonished ensign had almost dropped on his knees when he heard the rank of his visitors; but the princess, to put an end to his and her embarrassment, rushed to the door and hurried down-stairs, leaving the poor soldier in a tremor of wonder and gratitude. The princess immediately applied to the Duke of Cumberland in the officer's behalf; the result of which was, that in a few days she was enabled to present him with a lieutenant's commission in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders; his little family being the objects of her care until his return. While abroad with his regiment, he conducted himself with so much prudence and bravery, that after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he returned to England with a major's commission; thus justifying the sympathy and interest of the princess. This good and brave man subsequently lost his life in the battle of Munden.

XI.

In Deprivation.

"Tell me, O ye powers,
For I'll be calm, was I not worthy of your care?
And why, ye gods, was virtue made to suffer,
Unless this world be but as fire, to purge
Her dross, that she may mount and be a star!"

LEE.



THE ways of God are inscrutable and past finding out. Why blessings of health and treasures of wealth should be the portion of the wicked, and why poverty and sorrow should as frequently be the patrimony of the just and the righteous—who can tell? Only when we see, not as we now see, "through a glass darkly," but when all the devious, tortuous past is seen as the kind leadings of a loving, gracious Father; shall we know that the chastening of sorrow, the pinching of poverty was working out for us in time and in eternity, patience and endurance, and the joy and happiness of heaven. It is a hard lesson to learn, in the midst of deprivation and suffering, that "our Father" ever does all things well. But he that soonest and most reliantly learns this, is saved from a thousand anxious perplexities, and rests safely, as

the child in the bosom of its earthly parent, without a doubt or a sigh. And then, too, it is seen how sorrow and suffering strengthens and makes strong; how the battle with adversity nerves to endurance, and peace and repose take the place of anxiety and despair. As metals are rendered pliable by the operation of fire, so the human mind, in the furnace of affliction, is often prepared for the impressions of divine truth.

And it is also seen that in the greatest deprivation there is always some redeeming circumstance, some light and hope amid the darkest clouds. One of the most notable instances is furnished in the life and experience of Miss Anna Williams, who was famous for her great industry and literary attainments under the deprivation of the loss of her sight. She was the daughter of a surgeon in South Wales, where she was born in 1706. Her father, Zachariah Williams, fancied that he had made the discovery of ascertaining the longitude by means of magnetism, and that the variations of the needle were equal, at equal distances, east and west. Quite convinced that he had made a splendid discovery, he gave up his business, and in the company of his daughter, proceeded to London; where, very soon, he had the mortification to learn that his hopes of a splendid fortune, as the reward of his discovery, were as baseless and as fleeting as a summer cloud. Finally reduced to the utmost shifts of poverty, he had to

avail himself of the asylum of the Charter-house ; where, however, through some unfortunate infringement of the rules, or misconduct, he did not long remain. Losing the aid of this noble refuge for age and poverty, he became exposed to severe trials--every day adding to the gloom of his prospects.

His daughter, who had, when they first arrived in London, enjoyed all the pleasures which the metropolis affords to those of ample means, was now compelled to resort to her needle for her own support and the support of her father. Having thus bravely struggled with poverty for several years, she had the sad and almost overwhelming misfortune to lose her eyesight by a cataract, which disease proved as hopeless as it was anticipated it would render her helpless. Fortunately she had in her youth the advantage of an excellent education, which enabled her, in her great deprivation, to fall back upon the solacements furnished by literature. Strange to say, also, that by practice she found that she had retained the capability of using her needle, with great, if not with her accustomed facility. She had previously been notable for neatness of dress ; her care in this particular was not relaxed when she could no longer observe the impression which her appearance made upon others ; which was excellent evidence that her overpowering calamity was not suffered to subdue the strength and hopefulness of her mind.

After being several years blind, she determined to open for herself a new source of amusement and profit. Having been much interested in reading the *Life of Julian*, she commenced to make a translation from the French of Le Bleterie's "*Life of the Emperor Julian*," which, if it did not secure any considerable remuneration, obtained for her the lasting esteem and friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson; who was so moved by her sufferings, and the sufferings of her father, that he sought an introduction to her. The interview proving mutually agreeable, especially so to the wife of Dr. Johnson, who contracted for Miss Williams a solid, and, during the remainder of her days, a lasting friendship, she became a frequent and a welcome visitor at Dr. Johnson's house. In the last illness of Mrs. Johnson, Miss Williams was a constant attendant at her bed-side, cheering her with her company, and offering her such consolation as her situation demanded.

After the death of his wife, Dr. Johnson still retained his esteem for the blind authoress, who, at his recommendation, submitted to an operation in the hope of the restoration of her sight, which unfortunately proved useless, as her final recovery was pronounced hopeless. Garrick, who was then the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, most liberally presented her with the proceeds of a night's performance, which amounted to two hundred pounds. This sum, with

the proceeds of a volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," published in her sixtieth year, amounting to one hundred pounds, sufficed for her moderate wants during the remainder of her days. In 1766 Miss Williams became Dr. Johnson's housekeeper, and so remained until her death, in the September of 1783, when she had attained her seventy-seventh year.

Boswell, in his life of Dr. Johnson, relates many interesting anecdotes of the old housekeeper. Upon one occasion he states that he went with Dr. Johnson to his house, and that Miss Williams, despite her blindness, made tea with considerable dexterity. She had by practice acquired such a niceness of touch as to be able to know by the feel of the cup on the outside, how near it was to being full. One lady reports Miss Williams to have been an extremely interesting person, remarkable for great firmness of mind, for a boundless curiosity, a most retentive memory, and strong judgment. Despite her personal affliction and slender fortune, she exercised a considerable power of doing good, and sought for opportunities to perform acts of kindness and works of service; and thus, while in a state of body that was truly deplorable, she was ever most social, cheerful, and active. The furniture in her apartment was her own; her expenses, owing to the fewness of her wants, were very small—tea, and bread and butter being at least half of her

nourishment. Occasionally she had the use of a charwoman to do the ruder offices of the house; but this was not always needful, as she was herself most active and industrious. When it was observed that she possessed extraordinary facility in moving about the house, searching into drawers, finding books and any other thing she needed without the help of sight, she was accustomed to reply, "Persons who cannot do these common offices without sight, did but little while they enjoyed that blessing."

There are some very charming facts recorded of the wife of M. Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva, whose history of bees and ants has ever been esteemed one of the most interesting contributions to natural history. M. Huber, who was the nephew and friend of Voltaire, had been blind since the age of seventeen, prior to which period he had been in love with a rich young lady, who returned his affection; but, owing to the opposition of their parents, they were separated. A few months afterwards he was afflicted with *gutta-serena*, which deprived him entirely of the loss of sight, a loss which was felt the more severely, because it deprived him of the opportunity of seeing the object of his affection. After visiting Paris, in the hope of obtaining a cure by couching, which visit proved to be fruitless, he returned in despair to Geneva. The young lady upon whom he had centred his affections — Mademoiselle Lullin — learning her lover's misfortune, declared

to her relations that she would have submitted to their will in separating from M. Huber if he could have done without her ; “ but,” said she, “ now that he requires a guide to be every moment with him, nothing shall prevent me from being united to him.” Her family, instead of being convinced by her reasoning, became more than ever opposed to the union. When, however, this unselfish girl attained to her legal age, she respectfully addressed to her relatives the usual citations required by law. Mademoiselle Lullin in the meantime refused several most desirable offers, always saying, “ He is so unhappy, I should be base to forsake him.”

When at length she married the object of her disinterested affection, their mutual good conduct soon reconciled them to their parents—Madame Huber always preserving the character of a most respectable and irreproachable wife. This excellent woman soon discovered a thousand means of supplying the wants which her husband’s unfortunate calamity occasioned. During the then existing war, she formed whole armies with pins of various sizes, and thus enabled him to distinguish the positions of the different corps ; she stuck the pins in a map, and thus gave her unfortunate husband a correct idea of the movement of the troops. She also invented a method by which he was enabled to write ; and when they visited any new part of the country, by means of raised surfaces gave him an excellent idea of the

landscape. These employments, instead of being irksome, were the joy and pleasure of her life : she had, indeed, but one occupation—that of making her husband happy. M. Huber, indeed, was accustomed to assert that he should be miserable were he to cease to be blind. “I should not know,” said he, “to what extent a person in my situation could be beloved ; besides, to me my wife is always young, fresh, and pretty, and that is no light matter.”

M. Huber had a great taste for natural history. His wife read him a number of works on the natural history of bees and ants, which he discovered to be very imperfect. He then requested his wife to provide herself with a magnifying-glass, and to examine carefully the different parts of the bee. With her assistance he made several discoveries, which he published under the title of “*Recherches sur les Ab-silles*,” a work which is very highly esteemed. On reading the marvellously minute descriptions which M. Huber has given of the bee and the ant, they would be supposed to be the descriptions of a clear-sighted man, well versed in this branch of natural history ; the author, however, had no other assistant in his great work but his wife, who told him the colour of the insects, whose form and size he afterwards perceived by the touch, with the same ease as he knew them by their buzzing when they flew in the air. M. Huber also wrote a work upon education, which is deservedly esteemed. He was also a

good musician, and had a most extraordinary memory. This man's life and labours, not less interesting to himself than valuable to the world, were preserved and encouraged by the love and devotion of his admirable wife. Without her, it is probable that M. Huber would soon, in the depths of his despair, have sunk into an early grave; with her, in the enjoyment of mutual esteem and labours of usefulness, he knew of no deprivation, of no loss : his wife taught him the possibility, in the most adverse circumstances, of deriving happiness and cheerful contentment, of being useful, without which no life can be happy.

It has been frequently remarked that persons deprived of one of the senses have the loss compensated by the vigour and quickness of the others : that while something is taken from them, they have something given to them not possessed by those unconscious of deprivation. Perhaps no one realized this truth more than Mademoiselle Salignac of Zaintouge, who lost her sight when only two years old. Despite this great deprivation, she was yet celebrated for beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which softened her misfortune. She very early learned to read and write, which is certainly a most wonderful circumstance. She regularly corresponded with her elder brother, who resided at Bordeaux, sending him an exact account of everything interest-

ing that occurred. The mode adopted by her friends in writing to her, was to use no ink, but the letters were pricked down on the paper ; and by the delicacy of her touch feeling each letter, she followed them successively, and read every word with her fingers' ends. A person scratched with a scissors' point on a card, "*Mademoiselle de Salignac est fort aimable.*" She fluently read it, yet the writing was small, and the letters very ill-shaped. In writing, she made use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry ; her guide on the paper was a small thin ruler, of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wetted it, which fixed the traces of the pencil, so that they were not obscured or effaced ; then she proceeded to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing was very straight, and her spelling not less correct. Her only teacher was her mother, who by indefatigable care accustomed her loved daughter to feel letters cut out on cards or pasteboard, so that she soon distinguished A from B, and the whole letters of the alphabet, and then to form them into words ; and afterwards, remembering their shapes, to delineate them on paper, and arrange them into sentences. She taught herself the guitar, pricking down the tunes to assist her memory ! So acute were her organs, that in singing a tune, although new to her, she could name the notes with the utmost

facility. She was also very clever in all fancy work; her sewing was excellent, having no difficulty in threading her needles, however small. Her mother, to whom she was indebted for her many perfections, had a rich return for her labours in the difficulties overcome and the many advantages obtained by her daughter; she was blessed in her work, and blessed in its result.

A lady of Geneva, who lost her sight when only a year old, learned to read by wooden letters, and then, having become familiar with their shapes, she was enabled by practice to write them very legibly; she also played well on the organ and on the violin. It is also recorded of a poor Scotchwoman, the wife of a weaver, who had become blind, that she continued her previous work—winding the woof of her husband's web; but, what was much more singular, although perfectly blind, she was able to discriminate the different colours used in the worsted which went through her hands! This was indeed tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. The examples which we have cited prove, that where there is resolution and determination the most adverse circumstance may be converted into an advantage, so that through life, and at the end of life, we may have reason to exclaim: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

XII.

In Depressing Labour.

' Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot burning tears of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburthened brain,
Heavy with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its emotion, not its power ;
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and opprest,
From labour there shall come forth rest."

LONGFELLOW.



NEXT to the wretchedness of "having no work to do," the consciousness of life being aimless, useless, and joyless, is that of labour which is exhaustive toil and physical weariness, depressing life and vigour, and killing healthy thought and action. Better even this, however, than no labour, no employment, when the mind is left to prey upon its own vacuity, and to waste itself upon silly nothings. Tens of thousands of girls have been literally killed, because denied all interesting remunerative employment, and who have fretted and pined away working anti-macassars, slippers, pin-cushions, and the usual round of fancy work, which

serve as an excuse to "kill time" and put on a semblance of being busy. For the most part, these things are not wanted, and if they were, then half-a-crown would purchase the article which takes a week to produce. It is no doubt true that this want of "something to do" is quite as depressing as the laborious uncongenial employments to which so many women are subjected. The heart-aching consciousness of spending day after day purposeless and objectless is almost insupportable to an immortal being; there is an undefined void within which demands honest and useful labour, accompanied with the knowledge that progress and advancement are being made, and that life is not all a want and a waste.

But not less depressing must those employments be which drain and strain the physical life. It is quite true that habit is second nature, and that we become by habit accustomed to any course of life, heedless alike of the warning of the physiologist and psychologist that the habit is opposed to our well-being, and moral and physical health. At times our complacency and sense of security receives a sudden shock by the standing still of the machine: nature asserts her sway, and will not conform to the morbid, diseased, and artificial customs attempted to be thrust upon her. Try as we may, we cannot make human nature bend to the violation of law without a recoil; near or distant, the inevitable reaction will come. If we pack a number of human beings into

a given space, containing an insufficient supply of oxygen, death, as in the instance of the Black Hole of Calcutta, must result. If we try the experiment with modified conditions, we have the like, but a more protracted, result. The owner of one of the London work-rooms may crowd into it a number of girls whose circumstances compel them to accept the employment. At the outset they may not seem to suffer much from the vitiated atmosphere and protracted hours of labour ; human nature, however, will not be balked. The poor creatures soon find health and strength gradually but surely slipping away, and the grave is viewed as a solace and a succour from the multitudinous ills crowded into their weary lives.

It is only true, therefore, in a limited sense, that habit is second nature. It is true, however, that by habit we are enabled to accommodate ourselves to strange and varied circumstances. But those circumstances, instead of being the best for us, may be the worst ; and a continuation of the habit acquired by the circumstances may dwarf and stunt all healthy physical and mental life, and prematurely hasten the approach of death.

Prior to the March of 1843, at which time Lord Ashley's Bill for the Regulation of Mines and Col-
leries came into force, and which made the employ-
ment of women and girls in them a penal act,
females had become so habituated to the employment
of drawing waggons loaded with coal in the pits, that

it seemed the proper, as it was the ordinary, business of their lives. It required little knowledge of human nature, however, not to know that the occupation must dwarf woman in her stature, and destroy all the fine instincts and susceptibilities planted within her by her Maker. It is a matter of rejoicing that the legislature, with a wise intrusion, has amended this coal-pit life, and so spared us from the thought which would be associated with women working within the bowels of the earth. It is to be feared, however, that many poor women, urged on by necessity, evade the law by disguise or connivance. The census returns report 7000 women as working at the mines, dressing the ore in the Cornish and Welsh mines; and in the coal districts receiving the tubs or waggons at the pit's mouth, and leading them to the carts or "tip"—an occupation which only varies from that which is forbidden by Government, simply because it is *above* and not *under* the ground. It is very sad to think that at the time we write there are hundreds of women employed at the various coke-works and coal-pits as common labourers! Their dress varies little from that worn by men; a stranger, indeed, seeing them for the first time, would never suppose them to be females.

Not less objectionable, and perhaps not less laborious, is the employment of many women in Cornwall and Devonshire, preparing the clay which is intended for conversion into porcelain. Strange beings they

look daubed all over with the clay, as they stir, sift, and strain the mess! Another occupation in which women and young girls are employed in connection with clay, is the uncongenial and exposed employment of the brick-field. Any one passing the scene of this labour must be forcibly impressed with the appearance which these female labourers present: weather-beaten, clad in semi-male attire, they seem a compromise between the sexes, leaving it problematical to which they have the strongest resemblance. Obviously women under these circumstances must be defrauded of, and deficient in, all the softer and more elevating virtues which were intended to adorn the sex. The business of the brickmaking woman is to take the bricks in the mould from the "stool," and lay them on the ground in rows for drying, and when dried to assist in piling them up, or "walling."

So much has been written in praise of the occupations of the field and the farm, that a statement relative to these employments, which appeared in a recent *Edinburgh Review*, comes upon us by surprise: "On a dairy farm, the whole round of labour has to be gone through twice a-day nearly the whole year round, and any one who has seen the vessels on a Cheshire farm—the width of the tubs, the capacity of the ladles, the strength of the presses, and the size of the cheeses—will feel no surprise at hearing from the doctors that dairywomen constitute

a special class of patients for maladies arising from over-fatigue and insufficient rest. There is some difference between this mode of life and the common notion of the ease and charm of the dairymaid's existence as it is seen in a corner of a duchess's park, or on a little farm of three fields and a paddock."

But if the women within the farm-house are subjected to excessive labour, those employed upon the land are much more so, employed in occupations that are at once unhealthy and uncongenial to woman's nature. Thousands of women leave the large towns in the early morning, and after walking three or four miles, arrive at the farms upon which they are employed at six in the summer months and seven in the winter; working through the long day weeding, digging potatoes, picking stones, or spreading manure. When night comes they are rewarded with a shilling, and then, more dead than alive, they commence their weary walk home, having had no refreshment during their day of toil save the little bread brought with them in the morning.

But almost every part of the town and country has its unhealthy and disagreeable occupations which are assigned to women. In Dublin, women living in wretched hovels obtain the merest subsistence by carrying into that city large loads of sand, under which they are scarcely able to stand, their average earnings being sixpence and eightpence per day. Numbers of women in Liverpool are employed in the

same laborious occupation. Mr. Mayhew tells us, in his "London Labour and London Poor," that the number of women engaged in street sale in London is estimated at from twenty-five to thirty thousand, and their average earnings vary from two shillings and sixpence to four shillings per week ! Nail-making, in the district around Wigan, is the common employment of women ; so, also, in the same district, is it usual for women to work the canal boats, opening the locks, driving the horses, and sometimes with the boat-line across their shoulders, drawing the boats ! And yet these are women, sisters and mothers, to whom are delegated all the finer and gentler feelings of our common nature ! Sad indeed is their lot, from which, surely, a wiser civilization will ere long rescue them.

Scotland is not free from the crime of the degradation of woman, and in a form, too, which can find no parallel in any other part of the kingdom. But this, however, is confined to the Hebrides, where the strangest conception prevails as to the purpose for which women were sent into the world. In the island of Lewis the women do all the heavy work—they dig, delve, and hoe ; they carry heavy loads of manure to the fields, and in the peat season they may be seen all day carrying creelfuls of peat from the bog. A man may often be seen trudging along the road beside a woman, but the creel is always on the woman's back. If they come to a river or ford,

the woman crosses first, deposits the creel on the other side, and then returns to carry the man across! When the creel is empty the man sometimes slings it over his own shoulders, and then mounts upon the back of the woman, who carries them both across together. This is the only occasion when a creel is ever seen on the back of a man. The woman, in fact, is simply a beast of burden; and men, in looking for wives, look largely to muscular development. A story is current among the farmers that excellently illustrates this conception of woman's mission. In the middle of one peat season, when labour was much in demand, a man, who was supposed to be a confirmed bachelor, suddenly married. A friend met him some days after. "What for did you take a woman like that?" said the friend. "Did you no hear," replied the man, "that my horse was dec'd?"

Many of these women have been induced to emigrate from their Highland homes by the hardship and poverty they have had to endure. They have accomplished the journey to their destination—the Scotch farmstead—poorly clad, redolent of "peat reek," speaking only an unknown tongue, with their whole worldly wealth tied up in a handkerchief, and often half starved. A year after their arrival it would be difficult to recognize them. Fine Sundays see them radiant with ribbons, and perhaps even displaying parasols. But what is far better, they

have learned a useful occupation ; they are able to make themselves understood in English, and they have contrived, it may be, to send home small sums to aged parents, saved out of their six shillings a week. Differing from the people around them, they form few intimacies, and always look back to the Highlands as the home to which they are to return. These girls and women from the Hebrides live in cottages by themselves, where there is ever a cosy appearance of home and of home comforts. The kettle hums its old familiar song, the "teacups glitter in a row," "scones" are baked, and all the little arrangements of cottage life are carried on. There is no idleness. Wet days and winter evenings see fingers always busy, knitting-needles deftly plied, stockings worked, and gowns mended ; improving each other in habits of thrift and industry that will last them their life long.

It is also pleasant to report that the millinery evil in London has been wisely approached, so that a better day has dawned for the tired fingers which excited the sympathy of Hood in his famous "Song of the Shirt." "Madam Devy's Company, Limited," has been formed in London, under the immediate patronage of a number of ladies, who constituted themselves a committee of supervision. The business of Madame Devy was that of millinery and dressmaking. The object of the formation of the company was to introduce moderate prices, a system

of, if not cash payments, settlements at stated periods, a limitation of the hours of labour, and a careful attention to the reasonable comforts and the health of all employed. It originated in one of those bursts of enthusiasm which periodically arise as instances of exceptional sufferings are made public. The revelations in reference to the workrooms and *employés* in some of the large London establishments excited much sympathy, if not remorse, in the leaders of fashion. In the case of Madame Devy, philanthropy has not been without its reward: on a capital of £12,700, a net profit of about £1400 on the gross receipts of the year—£16,139, which enabled a division of 10 per cent. to be made; and 15 per cent. of the net profits, after 6 per cent. dividend, to be given to those most deserving amongst the workwomen, as the ladies' committee should select. In this establishment there is no night work, no race between the fingers and the clock as to the arrival of morning and the completion of the dress, whose completion was but another straw to the heavy load of life of the "poor but respectable girls" striving for bread.

But exhaustive labour is not confined to the weary employment of the seamstress, although she should be reduced to make shirts for a penny or three half-pence each, of which the London records furnish so many heart-rending instances. "Ah, sir," said one of those favourites of the opera, "if you did but

know how much courage, resignation, and unremitting labour a poor girl must command—if you did but know what excruciating tortures she must submit to, and how many involuntary tears she must stifle—even to become a ‘mediocre’ dancer, you would at once be moved with terror and compassion. Scarcely was I seven years old when I was despatched to the class of M. Barrez. Oftentimes I was sent early in the morning, with nothing in my stomach but an equivocal cup of coffee, without socks to my feet or a shawl over my shoulders. I oftentimes arrived shivering and half famished; then commenced the daily torture, of which, however exact my description might be, I should fail in giving you a just idea. Banished from one code, torture has taken refuge in the class for dancing. Every morning my feet were imprisoned in a groove-box, heel against heel, and knees turned outwards; my martyred feet accustomed themselves naturally, at last, to fall in a parallel line. This is what is called *se tourner*. After half an hour of the groove, I was subjected to another variety of torture. This time I was obliged to rest my foot on a bar, which I was obliged to hold in a horizontal line with the hand opposite the foot I was exercising. This they term *se casser*. After these labours were over, you imagine, perhaps, that I enjoyed the charms of repose; repose for me, indeed! as if a dancer knew what repose was! We were like the wandering

Jew, to whom the Barres and the Coulous were perpetually crying out, 'Dance, dance.' After these *tourneurs* and *cassers* we were obliged, in order to escape from professional reprimand or maternal correction, to study assiduously *les jetes, les balances, les ronds de jambes, les fouettes, les cabrioles, les pirouettes sur le coudepied, les rants de basques, les pas de bourrées*, and, finally, the *entre-chats à la quatre, à six cette nuit*. Such, sir, are the agreeable elements of which the art of dancing is composed; and do not believe that this rude fatigue lasts only for a time—it is to last and to be renewed without intermission. On this condition only can the dancer preserve her *souplesse* and her *légèreté*. A week of repose must be redeemed by two months of redoubled, incessant toil. The dancer realizes the fable of Sysiphus and his rock. I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, after a two hours' lesson which her father had just given her, fall exhausted on the carpet of her chamber, where she was undressed, sponged, and resuscitated, totally unconscious of her situation. The agility and marvellous bounds of the evening were insured only at a price like this."

It is a question which often occurs—to what business or profession can a girl or woman be put which is congenial to her nature? And this question occurs in middle-class life quite as frequently as it does in reference to the lower orders. By instinct, as much as by reason, we do not desire to see her

in the gown of the barrister, occupying the pulpit, or standing on the platform. We do think, however, that females are not out of their proper sphere when engaged in retail shops, in the higher branches of hair manufacture, in watch engraving and watch making, in wood engraving, in reading and correcting proofs, in book-keeping, in sick visiting, in scripture reading, as gaol and workhouse visitors, as servant instructors, as nurses and sick attenders, as law copying clerks, as readers and companions to the aged and infirm, and as dispensers of medicine. True, woman's place is pre-eminently at home; but according to the last census there are one million unmarried women, and the greater part of these require employment as the means of living. Women have also desires and aspirations which are not bounded by the simple tending of home. Women are not machines, but, on the contrary, education and opportunity being equal, are man's reflex and co-worker. Why, then, should they be defrauded of any enjoyment of which their nature is capable? The many instances furnished by gifted women who have adorned and expanded science, art, and literature—not learners merely, but teachers, standing in the van, and inviting others to imitation—give ample evidence of woman's capability and capacity, and that she is man's companion, his equal, and sometimes his superior, when she is permitted the full exercise of her powers.

And in the working out of a purpose once formed, woman has ever been man's equal, if not his superior. Count de Montalembert records the fact that "the slave Alexandra, fearing her own beauty, and in pity for the poor soul of him who loved her, buried herself alive in an empty tomb, and remained ten years without permitting any one to see her face." The same noble author cites the instance of "the beautiful and learned Euphrosyne, who at eighteen deserted her father and her husband, and, to escape the better from their search, obtained admission, by concealing her sex, into a monastery of monks, where she remained thirty-eight years without leaving her cell. Her father, in despair, after useless search, by land and sea, came to the same monastery to seek some comfort to his increasing grief. 'My father,' he said to the first monk he met, 'pray for me; I can bear up no longer, so much do I weep for my lost daughter—so much am I devoured by this grief.' And it was to herself he spoke—to his daughter, whom he did not recognize in the monk's dress. At sight of the father from whom she had fled, and whom she too well recognized, she grew pale and wept. But soon, smothering her tears, she consoled him, cheered him, promised that he should one day see his daughter again, and thus encouraged him for his future life; then, finally, when she felt herself dying, she sent for him to her bedside, revealed the secret of

her sacrifice, and bequeathed to him her example and her cell, where her father, so long inconsolable, came to live and die in his turn."

This extraordinary instance of determination is only mournful that it should have been so misplaced, or that any morbid conception of duty should have prompted to a crime so obvious and serious as desertion of home and husband. This is certainly not the way God intended us to discharge our duty in this life—which is so full of sin, and evil, and temptation, that it requires the constant example of the pure, the good, and the virtuous, to prevent it becoming more evil and more sinful. It would have been a much more cheerful task to have had to report of this self-denying woman, that instead of secreting herself in a cell for thirty-eight long years, she had been about in the world, living a life of denial, visiting the homes and haunts of poverty and crime, and showing by her exemplary life the beauty of truth and goodness. The command comes to us, not to withdraw from the world, but to "let our light shine" in the world, that "others, seeing our good works," may "glorify the Father" by following after and imitating them.

To such as feel tempted to this isolation and retirement, who want to "do something" virtuous and ennobling, the world offers a multiplicity of ways and means. Here, without intending it, a friend, in the relation of a fact, opens a field of usefulness

which the cell of the nun can never furnish. "I have forgotten to say one thing. One of the nicest people I call upon is a young woman, who, I fear, is in the first stage of consumption. She has a beautiful, unselfish temper, and if she dies will be a great loss, not only to her home, but to the Sunday school. She coughs a great deal, and raises phlegm, and last Sunday there was blood. Yet she is obliged to go every morning, in the dark and cold, to the factory, and in the dark and cold comes home every night. The family are very poor, and she earns fourteen shillings per week. These things must often happen amongst the poor, but the rich know nothing of them. Would that I could say to some rich man—'Support her through the year; let her come at times, for days and weeks, to your house, and let her be sent in summer to some sea-side place.' But there is no one; and she must be left to kill herself for the sake of weekly bread."

And then, to show that wealth and large possessions are not needed where there is the will and disposition for the exercise of practical benevolence, the same friend writes again: "I have had two lads, who are ill, spending the day with me. They came, one of them especially, from unhealthy homes. They are both orphans; one of them *quite alone*, not a single relative, or anybody who knew anything of him before he came here a year or two

since—a Scotch lad he is, with a very cruel over-looker at the mill. I let them come when they like. They sit and read in this room, and then we go out and have a little walk, and then a chat in the kitchen, and then a bit of dinner, and they seem very much to enjoy it, while it is little or no interruption to me. The places where they live are not like homes—they are very wretched for sick people. However poor a *home* is, it seems to be all that a sick person wants ; but *lodgings*, with noisy children, and cleaning, and cooking, and many other lodgers perhaps, are enough to kill sick people.” Truly has Mr. Justice Talfourd said :—

“ It is a little thing
To give a cup of water. Yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite by far than when nectareous juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.”

XIII.

In "Savage" Life.

"Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms — oftenest, God bless her ! in female breasts."—DICKENS.



WOMEN born in cities, and surrounded with all the advantages of civilization, know by experience none of the hardships and trials of the wives and mothers of the hardy pioneers who first adventured their lives and fortunes in the far West. The daring with which they penetrated the wilderness, plunging into trackless forests, and encountering the savage tribes whose hunting-grounds they had invaded, and the sturdy perseverance with which they overcame all difficulties, is more truly astonishing than the most excited recital of the romancist. Well has it been said of these daring spirits : "The greater part of mankind might derive advantage from the contemplation of their humble virtues, hospitable homes, and spirits patient, noble, proud, and free—their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; their days of health and nights of sleep; their toils by danger, dignified yet guiltless; their hopes of a cheerful old age and a quiet grave."

One of the earliest and most notable of the pioneer women, living and taking part in that excited period of American history between the first settlement of East Tennessee and the close of the Revolutionary struggle, was Mary Bledsoe, the wife of Colonel Bledsoe, a woman of remarkable energy, and celebrated for her independence of thought and action. She never hesitated to expose herself to danger whenever she thought it her duty to brave it; and when Indian hostilities were most fierce, when her home was frequently invaded by the murderous savage, and females were struck down by the tomahawk or carried into captivity, she was ever foremost in urging her husband and friends to go and meet the common foe, instead of striving to detain them for the protection of herself and family. From 1780 to 1795, the Creeks and Cherokee Indians kept up a continual warfare against the inhabitants of the valley which is now named Sumner County. A faithful record of this time would be a fearful record of scenes of blood, of strife, and atrocious barbarity. Several hundred persons fell victims to the ruthless foe, who spared neither age nor sex—many women and children were carried far from their friends into hopeless captivity. In the course of a few years the settlers had two thousand horses stolen, their cattle and hogs destroyed, their houses and barns burned, and their plantations laid waste. During this time,

Mrs. Bledsoe was not unmindful of her own duties, despite the danger which constantly surrounded her and her home. Her family consisted of seven daughters and five sons, whose instruction and training entirely devolved upon her.

On the night of the 20th of July 1788, she was called upon to witness the death of her husband, who had been lured from his log-house by the Indians, and then shot down. Subsequently, she had to endure the horror of her son Anthony's death, who was shot through the body by the Indians; a month afterwards her eldest son, Thomas, was desperately wounded by the savages—escaping only to be killed by them near his mother's house in the following year. On the same day, her husband's brother, Colonel Isaac Bledsoe, was also killed, by a party of twenty Creek Indians. The next year, 1794, her son and his cousin, as they were going to school, were also shot by the Indians. Upon one occasion she very nearly lost her own life when riding through the country in the company of the celebrated back-woodsman Thomas Sharp Spencer, and a man of the name of Robert Jones. The party was waylaid and fired upon by a party of Indians. Jones fell dead from his horse. The Indians then advanced upon the others, intending to take them prisoners. Spencer, however, bidding Mrs. Bledsoe to keep her seat firmly, encouraged her to make all haste to the nearest station, while, with his rifle,

he made good her escape. When the Indians in pursuit came too near, he would raise his weapon as if to fire; and as he was known to be an excellent marksman, the savages hastened to the shelter of trees, while he continued his retreat. Mrs. Bledsoe's life and his own were thus saved by his prudence and presence of mind. Not long, however, after this gallant act, Spencer was killed by a party of Indians on the road between Nashville and Knoxville.

Bereaved of her husband, sons, and brother-in-law by the Indians, Mrs. Bledsoe cheerfully undertook the duties which then devolved upon her—not only the charge of the estate, but the care, education, and settlement in life of her children. These duties were discharged with unwavering energy and Christian patience. Her religion had taught her fortitude under her unexampled distress; and through all this trying period of her life she exhibited decision and firmness of character seldom seen in strong men. She was remarkable for lofty thought and opinion, for resolute purpose and determined will. Her useful life was closed in the autumn of 1808. The recollection of her many virtues has not faded from the memory of her descendants. She is remembered amongst the foremost of those whose labours and struggles, while surrounded by the savage dwellers of the forest, established a community at the price of their own blood and the blood of their sons and relatives.

Another remarkable "daughter of the forest" was Catharine Sevier. Her father's residence was attacked by a large party of Indians in the June of 1776, headed by an experienced Indian chief—Old Abraham, of the Chilhowee Mountain region. The approach of the Indians had been stealthy, and the first alarm was given by the flight and screams of some females, who were closely pursued by the savages in large force. One of the women was killed, and one or two captured. In this party of females was Miss Catharine Sherrill, who afterwards became Mrs. Sevier. This intrepid girl was celebrated among the settlers for nerve, action, and extraordinary fleetness. It was said "she could outrun or outleap any woman; walk more erect, and ride more gracefully and skilfully, than any other woman in all the mountains round about, or in the continent at large." She acknowledged, however, that upon this occasion she did run, and "run her best." Being very tall and erect, she attracted the especial notice and pursuit of the Indians. As the direct path to the house was in the possession of the Indians, she made a circuit to reach the enclosure on the other side. When she arrived at the walls or palisades some person inside attempted to aid her; but his foot slipped, and both fell to the ground. The Indians were meanwhile coming rapidly to the spot; the bullets and arrows falling about like hail. It was now, she said, leap the wall or die. Recovering

from her fall, she concentrated all her strength in one daring leap, and in a moment was over and within the fence! The first man who met her was Captain John Sevier. This abrupt introduction—for she had not seen him previously—was destined in a few years to ripen into a happy union, which continued for nearly forty years. In after-life Catharine was accustomed to look upon this introduction as a providential indication of their adaptation to each other, so that together they could overcome dangers and obstacles. When in the company of her husband she was ever impressed with a sense of safety, a consciousness of their being out of danger. This, she ever affirmed, was all of God's good providence.

Captain Sevier, in 1777, received the commission of colonel, bearing the signature of George Washington. In 1779 his wife died—for he was then married—leaving him ten children. The sons who were grown up had come with their father to obtain and improve a home in the wilderness. In 1780 Colonel Sevier and Miss Sherrill were married, when she at once devoted herself to the duties of her position. One of the home-duties of the wives of that time was to spin, weave, and make the clothes of the male members of the family. The girls were trained in these arts as needful daily duties. It was always a source of gratification to Mrs. Sevier that among the first work she did after her marriage

was to make the clothes which her husband and three sons wore the day they were in the memorable battle of King's Mountain. And she usually added : "And had his ten children been sons, and large enough to have served in that expedition, I could have fitted them out."

Owing to the life of her husband being one of incessant adventure and contest, Mrs. Sevier had almost alone not only to manage her home, but the affairs of the clearing or farm. Upon one occasion Colonel Sevier captured thirty Indians, who were so kindly treated by his wife and family, that several of them remained for years on the farm. This kindness had doubtless a happy influence in securing respect and peace from the Indian "nation." But when danger came—as frequently from the white marauders as from the Indians—Mrs. Sevier was accustomed to say : "The wife of John Sevier knows no fear ;" and, "I neither skulk from duty nor from danger." This was no empty boast ; almost every day brought some trial or difficulty, which served to exercise her children in nerve and action, and in health and usefulness. Physically, she was a remarkable woman. A very common feat with her was to stand by the side of a spirited horse, and then with one bound seat herself upon its back or in the saddle. Her reverence for her husband, and her duty to her family, became almost a proverb. There could be no doubt but that his

zeal in the public service was prompted by her earnestness and devotion. When he was abroad, she willingly undertook every duty of their home; and on his return applauded his labours in the service of the people. In her husband's absence she was frequently urged to take the protection of one of the forts or stations. To these entreaties she invariably replied: "I would as soon die by the tomahawk and scalping-knife as by famine! I put my trust in that Power who rules the armies of heaven and among men on the earth; and although my husband is often away, and for weeks at a time, yet he always comes home when I least expect him, and always covered with laurels. If God protects him whom duty calls into danger, so will he those who trust in him and remain at the post of duty."

Upon one occasion, when her husband was away, the house was surrounded by a wild mob of lawless men, who demanded information of the whereabouts of the colonel, avowing their intention to hang him upon the nearest tree. One of the ruffians drew a pistol, and threatened to shoot Mrs. Sevier through the head unless she gave up all the money she had in the house. "Shoot, shoot!" was her undaunted reply; "but remember I shall not be unavenged." The leader of the gang told the man to put up his pistol, saying, "Such a woman is too brave to die." Upon another occasion the same band surrounded her smoke-house, intending to carry away the dried

meat. She took down a gun, and pointing it, said, "The first that touches a single piece is a dead man." Her tone and manner sufficiently indicated that this was no vain threat; and the men wisely left her alone, with her property untouched. And yet this woman, who could upon occasion call up the most determined martial spirit, was in her nature a most gentle and loving woman, tending most gently and tenderly the sick and wounded soldier, who ever found a warm welcome in her home. All her life she was distinguished for her kindness to the poor, and children ran about her and loved her as one of themselves. She was accustomed to keep a supply of maple sugar and cinnamon bark in her spice-box with which to gratify them. During the twelve years in which her husband officiated as Governor of Tennessee, she made her home a place of delight both for him and his children. Here the weary found rest, and the afflicted an asylum. Mrs. Sevier's education was all self-acquired. "I picked up a good deal," she said, "from observation of men and their acts, and also from an examination of the works of nature; but as to school education, I had little of that except the education at my mother's knee could be so called." A frequent and favourite expression of hers was, "I always trust in Providence." She taught her children that "trust in God, with a pure heart, is to be rich enough; but that if they were lazy the blood would stagnate in

their veins, and their trust die." She never knew what it was to be idle ; busy with her fingers, her mind and tongue would be employed in thought and conversation. After the death of her husband, in 1815, she selected a most romantic spot for her residence, a few miles from Obed's River. In a dense wood, miles distant from any other habitation, her sons erected her a log-house, which for years she made her residence. When visited by friends, she was ever found sociably cheerful, ready to relate the incidents and anecdotes of her early life, and of the early settlement of the country. Every article in and about the house was scrupulously clean ; everywhere order and harmony reigned, and in her own heart "godliness with contentment." Thus lived and died this exemplary woman, in 1836, in the eighty-second year of her age.

Rebecca Boone was another early settlement heroine. The meeting with Daniel Boone, her future husband, was very romantic. He was out one night near her father's farm engaged in a fire-hunt. The deer, reposing quietly, are awakened by the noise of the hunters, one of whom carries a fire-pan full of blazing pine knots, which attracts and rivets the game to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its eyes. The hunters call this *shining the eyes*. Upon the occasion referred to, young Boone gave the signal that he had shined the eyes of a deer. After

ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes before shooting. Two orbs were distinctly visible, but from some unaccountable cause he could not make up his mind to fire. He allowed his rifle to fall, and then a rustling told him the game had fled. Fleetly following, he soon saw the figure of a young girl enter the house, panting with affright; a *painter* had chased her, and almost scared her to death! Her father introduced the visitor: "Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbour." Boone was impressed with the beauty of the young girl, and resolved at the proper time to make her his wife. When that important ceremony had been completed, his first step was to look for a suitable place where he might cultivate his farm and hunt to the greatest advantage. When he had selected a locality near the head waters of the Yadkin, Rebecca, with a resolute spirit of enterprise, bade farewell to her friends and followed her adventurous husband. In a few months her home had assumed a pleasant aspect—a neat cabin stood on a pleasant eminence near the river, the farm was well stocked, and with abundance of game in the woods the settlers had no lack of the means of comfort and enjoyment. After a few years the neighbourhood became so thickly populated that Boone resolved upon removing to some wilder spot. After undergoing considerable hardship in a surveying expedition, Boone returned

for his family, with whom he resolved to take up his residence in Kentucky. Before they had arrived at their destination, however, they were surrounded by Indians, and a fierce struggle ensued. This engagement induced Boone to select a spot forty miles in the rear, where a number of families were already located. Very soon their cabin was erected, a farm marked off, and preparations made for securing the needed comforts of a well-stocked home. One day, as Mrs. Boone's daughter was playing in the woods with two other children, they were surprised and carried away by a party of Indians. Some time passed before the children were missed, and then the fearful truth dawned upon the distracted mothers that they had been kidnapped by the Indians. Early next morning the hunters were in pursuit, and after travelling thirty miles they were overtaken. A few moments sufficed to overpower the captors and to rescue the three little broken-hearted girls. Then for many years, with her husband, Mrs. Boone endured the toils and hardships of frontier life, never secure or certain of an attack from the Indians. This laborious woman died in the March of 1813, having proved herself a most faithful helpmate, possessing energy, heroism, and firmness; training her children in every domestic virtue; useful in her life, and honoured in her death.

Jane Brown, another frontier woman, was called to endure hardships and sufferings of the most ter-

rible kind. Jane Gillespie, the maiden name of this much-enduring woman, was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1740. Her father was a pioneer in the settlement of North Carolina. About 1761 or 1762 Miss Gillespie became the wife of James Brown, a native of Ireland, whose family had settled in the new country some years before. For his revolutionary services he had received from the state of North Carolina land warrants which entitled him to locate on large tracts of land in the wilderness beyond the mountains, and by a few years of toil he could secure estates for his children. In the winter of 1787 he and his family, having disposed of their property, found themselves on the banks of the French Board, in what is now Hawkin's County, Tennessee, waiting for spring before commencing their journey across the mountains to the Cumberland valley. Finally deciding to make the journey by water, he built a boat modelled as much as possible after Noah's ark, in which he commenced preparations to adventure the fearful voyage. About the 1st of May 1788, having taken on board a large amount of goods suitable for traffic among the Indians and the pioneers in Cumberland, the party embarked : which consisted of Brown, two grown sons, three hired men, and a negro man ; in all, seven grown men : Mrs. Brown, three small sons, and four small daughters ; an aged woman, the mother of one of the hired men. and two or three negro women owned by Brown.

On their departure all were glad and hopeful. The father sat in the midst of his family, hopefully describing their new home in the deep forests of the West. All went well with the voyagers until they had nearly passed all the Indian towns. On the 9th of May the towns of Running Water and Nickajack came into view. The occupants of the boat began to rejoice in their deliverance from the apprehended dangers. Suddenly, in the midst of their fancied security, four canoes, with white flags raised, and naked savages kneeling in them as rowers, glided out into the river, and rapidly approached. Fearing some mischief, Brown immediately turned his cannon upon the approaching canoes, and bade them keep off at the peril of their lives. Struck with astonishment at the bold threat, they drew aside for a little. Brown was assured that the party came in friendship for the purpose of trade, and was persuaded to permit a few Indians to come on board. As they approached the town, hundreds dashed out in the river in their canoes, and came alongside of the boat. Having thus secured possession, the leading men assured Brown that no harm was intended. In the meantime, each Indian seized upon whatever he fancied, and threw it into his own canoe. In this way several boxes and trunks were instantly rifled. One Indian bolder than the rest demanded of Brown the key of a large chest that contained his most valuable stores,

which he refused to give, telling him that Mrs. Brown had it, which she resolutely resolved not to give up. He then split the box open with his tomahawk; and his example was immediately followed by every Indian in the boat, so that all the boxes were speedily broken open.

While this was going on, a savage rudely took hold of Joseph Brown, a lad fifteen years old, but was forced by the father to let the boy go. An instant after, the Indian seized a sword lying in the boat, and while Brown's back was turned to him, struck him on the back of the neck, almost severing his head from his body. Brown turned in the agony of death and seized the Indian, and in the struggle was thrown into the river, where he sank to rise no more. The boat was now turned into the mouth of a little creek in the town of Nickajack, and the whole party taken on shore, in the midst of several hundred warriors, women, and children. A party of Creek braves, who were engaged with the men of Nickajack and Running Water in this outrage, having seized upon their share of the plunder, and having taken possession of Mrs. Brown, her son George, ten years old, and three young daughters, immediately began their march to their own nation. Thus, in one short hour deprived of husband, sons, friends, liberty and all, this devoted woman, with her five smallest children, began her sad journey on foot along the rugged flinty trails that led to the Creek

towns on the Tallapoosa river. She had scarcely commenced the journey when she heard the yells and rifles of the cruel savages, who were then murdering her sons and their companions. What must have been the feelings of horror and agony of this poor woman, herself a prisoner in the hands of she knew not whom, and borne she knew not whither! To add to the horror of her situation, she had her two sweet little daughters torn from her side by a party of Cherokees, and borne back, she knew not whither nor for what end.

Driven forward on foot for many days and nights, she continued to bear up under the bodily fatigues and mental anguish by which she was tortured, her feet blistered and swollen, and driven before the pack-horses along a flinty path, every moment expecting death if she failed, and every moment expecting to fail. Finally, after many weary days of travel, they reached one of the upper Creek towns on the Tallapoosa, far down in the wilderness. Arrived at the town of her captor, she found herself a slave, doomed to bear wood and water, pound hominy, and do all servile offices for her savage mistress. To add to her distress, her son, nine years old, and her daughter, seven, were taken to different towns, and she was left alone in her deep sorrow. Bearing her toils with patience and dignity, she excited the sympathy of a kind-hearted Indian woman, who found an opportunity, when Mrs

Brown's savage master was absent, to speak kindly to her, telling her that she pitied her sorrow, and would if she could relieve it. She said her brother, the chief of the Creeks, did not approve of his people making slaves of the white women, and that he was a liberal, high-minded man, who had a soul of honour, and would never turn away from a helpless woman who came to him for succour. "Why do you not fly to him?" asked the simple-hearted woman. Mrs. Brown explained her inability to reach the residence of her relative—Colonel M'Gellevery, a half-breed of Scotch descent, who was the head chief of the Muscogee Indians. After listening to her, the Indian woman said, "It is true; but if you will, there is my horse, and there is my saddle. You are welcome to them; but you must take them. I cannot give them, but my husband shall never pursue. You can take them without danger." At the appointed time, mounted upon her friend's horse, she started for the chief's residence, who received her kindly, and after hearing her story, bade her stay with his wife as a member of his family. A few days only had passed when Mrs. Brown was startled by the appearance of her old master, demanding her return, and threatening to kill her. The chief, however, overcame the difficulty by promising him, in exchange for the white woman, a new dress for his wife, a rifle, some powder and lead, and some beads and paint. Mrs. Brown thus be-

came the ransomed captive of the brave and generous M'Gellevray—a noble instance of chivalry on the part of a savage chieftain. And then, on his next visit to the upper Creek towns, he purchased Mrs. Brown's little daughter Elizabeth, then seven years of age, and restored her to her mother. Upon the occasion of a meeting of commissioners at Rock Landing, Georgia, he took Mrs. Brown and her daughter, and delivered them to her son William, who came from South Carolina in hopes that he might hear something of her and her long-lost children. Thus, after eighteen months' captivity, she was at last united with her surviving children ; she then returned to her friends at Guildford, after two short years' absence. But what a change had taken place in her destiny since she had started westward with her husband, sons, and neighbours, full of life and hope! All her children were now restored to her except George, who was in one of the upper Creek villages, doomed to a still longer captivity.

And now Mrs. Brown, undaunted by the past, turned her face westward, seeking the new home to which her husband was leading her when he met with his death. In 1791 this devoted and untiring woman, with all her children but one, found themselves at the new settlement, at the mouth of White's Creek, near Nashville. In the course of some years, Mrs. Brown's son Joseph organized a raid upon the towns of Nickajack and Running Water, which re-

sulted in their complete destruction ; which, while avenging the death of his father, secured the future peace of the settlers. Many years afterwards, when General Jackson became President, Mrs. Brown's son obtained an allowance from Congress for a part of the property lost by his father in 1788. In 1810 he became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and in 1823 a regularly-ordained minister. George, who obtained his release from captivity, emigrated to the south, and after nearly fifty years' honourable citizenship near Woodville, Mississippi, died in the presence of his family. The captive daughter Jane, whose release was due to the manly courage of her youthful brother, was married to a Mr. Collingsworth, and became with him a citizen of Texas as early as 1819, where her children yet reside.

Mrs. Brown, having lived to the advanced age of ninety, and never having remarried, but always making her home with her son Joseph, closed her long life of care and sorrow—for truly such it had been—at her son's residence in Maury County, Tennessee. Hers was an eventful life, full of trials almost beyond endurance ; yet she did not murmur, but tried to see in all her afflictions the kind guidance of a wise Providence. Were not these frontier women, in their patient endurance of suffering, in their brave gentleness, and in their confiding reliance upon God's sustaining Providence, Sisters of Goodness ?

XIV.

In New Fields of Labour.

“ Let us go forth, and resolutely dare
With sweat of brow to toil our little day ;
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring hours passed away,
Brush it not by !
Our hearts to God, to brother-men,
And labour, blessing, prayer, and then
To these a sigh.”

MILNE.



DISTINGUISHED German naturalist, in reporting to his countrymen the results of a visit to England, said, “ The English-woman is no cold, selfish, calculating creature, intent on material comforts only, and covetous of luxury and display ; but is capable, on occasion, of offering to the claims of affection the greatest sacrifice of which human beings, and particularly females, are capable, with the utmost cheerfulness. Such actions bespeak a mighty energy of feeling, and betray the very deeply-romantic trait which peculiarly belongs to the female nature in England. In cases of severe adversity, this nature exhibits itself in a nobler aspect. Under blows of this kind, the true love of the wife, her unselfish attachment, her

devotion, and capacity for self-sacrifice, are best shown. In the misfortunes of her husband, in his struggles with an unkind and cruel lot, the English lady appears in her fairest light, and comes forth in all her excellence. Not only does she resign herself calmly to the inevitable—not only does she confine her own grief to herself—not only does she avoid with the nicest care every expression which might even remotely sound like a reproach; she is even more caressing, officious, devoted, and cordial to her husband, than in his prosperous days; she endeavours to hide from her husband and soften the hardships of their altered state, and employs all the eloquence of the heart to inspire hope for the future, and make the present endurable. I have heard traits described of more than one English lady in such circumstances which were deeply affecting, and revealed a nobility of disposition that commanded more than admiration.”

And many of these noble women, when the prospects of their husbands have been blighted, have not hesitated to cross the ocean, to make a cheerful sacrifice of friends and the conveniences of the old country, and to seek in new fields that prosperity which was denied them at home. Many a lady who had been carefully and gently nurtured, and who had the aid and assistance of masters in her education, and every possible comfort to secure her happiness, may now be seen in the colonies engaged in

employments from which she would previously have shrunk, but which she now finds to be excellent helps to health and spirits, and to that competency so far removed from wearing want. The exchange from the drawing-room to the rude kitchen or dairy of the farm-house is indeed considerable, but better that for a few years than splendid misery and the wretchedness of debt; many have found it to be so, and in the changed position have speedily accommodated themselves to the difficulties of so strange and so new a life.

And then, too, there are thousands of unmarried women, who have had no prospects in their mother country, who have gone courageously to distant lands, in the hope that labour would be more abundant, and the labourers fewer than in the land of their birth. How plentiful the labourers, and how scarce the labour, may be inferred from the fact that a lady advertised for a nursery governess, offering £15 a year salary, to which more than 450 applications were returned. It is sad to think of the pained hearts of these poor girls when no answer came to their application, and they were thrown back on their despondent and almost hopeless condition. It were better far that these girls should venture to distant lands, where their services would be appreciated and properly rewarded. It is natural that they should shrink from the exposure and the unavoidable hardships and inconveniences which must

result; but life is full of difficulties and dangers—no lot or condition is free from them. To whom does the loss of a parent come so severely as to that girl who had no other dependence? Thrown out upon the cold world, without relatives who can assist her, what can she do? She is much more to be pitied than the professional mendicant, who knows no shame, and probably knows no other state.

With much wisdom Miss Rye has originated a movement and organization for the emigration of poor friendless and almost helpless girls. The first contributions obtained for the object by this philanthropic lady enabled her to send to the colonies thirty-eight young females, who sought employment as governesses; the first eighteen obtained immediate employment, at salaries varying from £25 to £70 a year! A great change from the blank despair of home. One of the eighteen, writing to her mother, concluded, after an almost childishly-delighted account of some rides on horseback, with this sentence, "Keep up your spirits, dearest mother; we shall all soon be rich." But all cannot hope to be governesses, as even in the colonies there can only be a certain number of situations, and these would be less adequately paid as an excess of persons capable of filling them arrived. Then it would be found that a knowledge of baking would be more useful than a knowledge of Beethoven; and that a capability for work, with the disposition to labour,

would receive a higher reward, and a more immediate reward, than what are termed "accomplishments." Well would it be if all mothers had their daughters taught to do with ease and pleasurable facility the various tasks and duties of the household; and well would it be if all young ladies learned daily to perform some actual hard work, which they would find not only to be ultimately useful, but which would materially minister to their happiness. It is no small attainment and no mean enjoyment to know how to work; and it is worth many fees of the most fashionable physician to acquire the habit of cheerfully and habitually working. And then, if a reverse of fortune should come, or if death should carry away the means of support, the hands that have toiled of choice will toil none the less willingly that now they must toil of necessity. But a lady, one who has had her every wish and caprice cared for, who has had all done for her, and whose chief business has been to while away time and to waste opportunities, would be sadly out of her place in visiting the colonies in pursuit of the means of living. She has neither been taught, nor has she learned, any industrious and useful employments; under such circumstances, she must pine away in the remembrance of a past which cannot return, and feebly hope to overcome the wasteful and profitless habits of a life. Perhaps there is no more pitiable object than such a lady

amid a new and thriving scene, where labour is the condition of daily existence, and for which a life's indulgence in ease and luxury has totally unfitted her.

Mrs. Ellis has some very excellent observations upon the advantages which would result from young ladies taking an active part in domestic duties: "A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention to health is one great means of maintaining this excellence unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call bilious is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness; and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I should call idleness, is equally so. I have always strongly recommended exercise as the first rule for preserving health; but there is an exercise in domestic usefulness which, without superseding that in the open air, is highly beneficial to the health of both mind and body, inasmuch as it adds to other benefits the happiest of all sensations, that of having rendered some assistance or done some good. Let me entreat my young readers, if they feel a tendency to causeless melancholy, if they are afflicted with cold feet and headache, but above all, with impa-

tience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to; let me entreat them to make a trial of the system I am recommending—not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but to set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will, at the same time, relieve some member of the family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very unromantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill tempers, might be avoided by habits of domestic activity.”

Not the smallest advantage which would result from this activity would be a more free and generous intercourse with servants, who, if they are dependants, are still human beings, with wishes and desires, likes and dislikes; and whose confidence is worth having, if only for their own good. The duties of a house, so conducted, would be done much more cheerfully and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily. A servant would work much more efficiently if she knew that the “young misses” knew how to do the work, and would do it, if it was not done well. But there is a higher motive still for this intercourse—that of the exercise of kindness and the cultivation of sympathy; the growth and encouragement of forbearance towards the follies and foibles of those less instructed and more tempted. This love of kind, however humble,

not only benefits them, but much more benefits her who exercises the gifts and graces which lift us from the brute and make us akin to angels. The comfort which results from seeing and knowing that all the household arrangements are properly made, is an important step in the direction of happiness. "Comfort," as an old author observes, "is the daughter of Order, and is descended in a right line from Wisdom; she is closely allied to Carefulness, Thrift, Honesty, and Religion; she has been educated by Good Sense, Benevolence, Observation, and Experience; and she is the mother of Cleanliness, Economy, Provident Forethought, Virtue, Propriety, and Domestic Happiness. Muddle is descended from the ancient but dishonourable family of Chaos; she is the child of Indifference and Want of Principle; educated alternately by Dawdling, Hurry, Stupidity, Obstinacy, Meanness, and Extravagance; secretly united at an early age to Self-Conceit; and parent of Procrastination, Falsehood, Dirt, Waste, Disorder, Destruction, and Desolation." And then, to the advantage of Order, there is added the virtue of Economy, "without which," as Dr. Johnson says, "none can be rich, and with it few can be poor."

Amongst the newest fields of labour in the amelioration of sorrow, the Convalescent Hospital of Mrs. Gladstone occupies a foremost place. The success which attended her first effort—the opening of a temporary establishment—must have given her

much more solid satisfaction than any pleasure which merely ministered to the senses. But Mrs. Gladstone so admirably recites her experience, that her own words are best. She says : " It was evident to all acquainted with the East of London, and especially to those who had experience of that district during the sad period of the cholera and general distress last year, that there was a crying necessity for a convalescent hospital. A small temporary establishment of the kind was set on foot, and this gave rise to the idea of a more extensive institution. The clergy of the eastern and north-eastern districts, and the principal physicians, had unanimously expressed their opinion that such an hospital, for that quarter of London, was urgently needed. With the view of effecting something towards this end, a small house at Snaresbrook was taken, capable of containing twenty male patients, who would be admitted free of expense. The larger work, however, ought not to be delayed. We must not wait for another epidemic, but take advantage of the experience of last year. Frequent visits to the London Hospital, to temporary hospitals, and to the dwellings of the poor, have strongly convinced me that the sick in the East of London, debarred, as they necessarily are, from fresh air and good food, so requisite in cases of weakness, have but a poor chance of restoration to health and strength. The speedy recovery of the sick, after they are out of the hands of the

physician, is true economy. The man is enabled the sooner to return to his work; his family are no longer deprived of his wages, nor his employer of his services; and the community at large ceases to be burdened with a useless member."


But we cannot all be employed in building hospitals, but the humblest may find ample opportunity in not only ministering to the sick, but also in kindly solacement and companionship to the convalescent. That which is wanted, is not so much opportunity, as disposition—opportunity is to be met with in every path, and surrounds every dwelling. It requires more energy and perseverance to work in by-paths and obscure places than in great and grand pursuits, which are heralded and cheered by public plaudits; to work continuously with the reward only of the "still small voice," and remain unknown to an applauding public. It is much easier to work for bazaars, for soirees and tea-meetings, than to visit the poor, to console the sick, and to carry comfort and consolation to cellars and garrets. It is so hard to work and wait; we want to work, and to have our work acknowledged. Work, however, never goes without its reward; there is always the consciousness of doing right and doing well—that inward approval with which God crowns all good actions, all pure, earnest, and industrious lives. Perhaps, if it were possible to estimate the good and noble work done in the world

by females, it would be found to have been done by commonplace, ordinary, and average women ; and that, while women of great attainments, in a few instances, had left marks upon the sands of time, the solid happiness of the world had been conserved and fostered by lowly, and, so far as talent and intellect are concerned, meanly-conditioned women—women who had set duty before them as a pursuit, and swerved not to the right or left in its faithful and honest discharge. How needful that the command should constantly be repeated : “ Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

XV

In Influence and Discipline.

"The most brutal man cannot live in constant association with a strong female influence, and not be greatly controlled by it."—MRS. H. B. STOWE.

 HERE is no influence so great over human hearts as moral power. Wealth and rank may sway and affect the actions of men, but it is moral power only which can act upon the affections. Lip-honour and outward service may be bought; we cannot buy the obedience of the heart, we cannot buy love and gratitude—that gratitude

"Which makes each generous impulse of my nature
Warm into ecstasy."

The affections can only be excited by their appropriate objects. If we would be loved, we must act in such a manner as to excite the affection of love: the love we would call forth must first be exhibited in ourselves. Love and affection must be generated by love and affection; and it can be obtained or fanned into life in no other way. We cannot by any effort of the will love that which is hateful, or hate that which is lovely. Sin, sorrow, and suffering, are more easily banished from the world by sym-

pathy than by the hard and harsh teaching which comes from the head rather than the heart. There is no compromise with guilt, no countenance given to sin by the exhibition of affection, the tender sorrow for the suffering guilty: such pity and sympathy, following in the steps of Christ, watches for and hails the moment of penitence, tends the sinner in his misery, and while gently opening the mind to a sense of its depravity, soothes it lest it sink to hard and hopeless despair. That task and that service has been specially delegated to woman. As Miss Bremer says, "There is a certain disposition in some women which makes them do well whatever they do at all—which causes sweet peace to follow them wherever they go, like a quiet spring day; so that, wherever they dwell, grace and comfort, which are shared by every one who approaches them, dwell with them. This disposition of mind proceeds from a pure and devoted heart, which fears God." And when it is wisely and kindly, but firmly exerted, this influence has upon the opposite sex the most lasting and beneficial effect. To be cared for, loved and respected, by the pure and the good, is an inspiration, is an incentive to shun low pleasures and sensual desires. People are made the better by feeling that there are hearts which beat the quicker when they succeed in the attainment of worthy objects, which exult in their successes, and have their own happiness augmented by their virtues.

There is an interesting anecdote told of Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, who is said to be in disposition much like her father—never taken by surprise, very gentle in manner, very reserved, with strong convictions and determined resolution; she is described as most graceful in all her movements and well-proportioned in figure—as a girl who can never be untrue to herself or deceive any one. The simplicity of her character is well illustrated in the incident that when General Turr brought over to Caprera the diamond necklace that the King presented to Garibaldi's daughter, she asked why it was given to her? She opened the box and merely uttered a word of satisfied curiosity, and handed it quietly to Madame Diederj, whose tender heart was so overcome at what she called the honour that she was weeping. The girl blushed a little, and said, "Thank the king." Her father added, with his usual gravity, "Pray express my gratitude to the King for this token of his friendship." When the box was opened for the second time, she merely cast a careless glance at it, and ran away to ring the bell for dinner. The influence of the noble nature of her father had driven from her all sordid and selfish desires: in the light of his life, duty and service, and not self-adornment, were happiness.

Some of the best and most lasting lessons are unspoken; the tender, solicitous look of a loved mother, or an affectionate sister, impresses more enduringly

than the gravest admonition; and although the quiet life and even temper of the several members of a family may seem to be unobserved, yet when that family is broken up and becomes scattered, the unspoken impression goes with them, and through all changes and vicissitudes is never obliterated. A "Country Parson" well says: "Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant; all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking."

That was a strange influence which Beatrice exercised over the great poet Dante, which not only

moulded and affected his actions, but which entered into the spirit of his poetry, directed his thoughts and gave the inspiration to his genius. Beatrice became to Dante the symbol of pure and holy things. "Death itself disappeared before the mighty love that was kindled in the heart of the poet: it transformed, it purified all things." And then, when Beatrice died, his love became resigned, submissive; death sanctified it, instead of converting it into remorse. The love of Dante destroyed nothing, it fertilized all, it gave a giant-like force to the sentiment of duty. The poet said, "Whenever and wherever she appeared to me, I no longer felt that I had an enemy in the world; such a flame of charity was kindled in my heart, causing me to forgive every one that had offended me." The death of Beatrice imposed fresh duties upon him. That which he felt he had then to do was, to render himself more worthy of her; he therefore resolved to keep his love for her to the last day of his life, and bestow upon her an immortality upon earth. In his love for the beautiful, in his striving after upward purity, Beatrice was the nurse of his understanding, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit which sustained him in poverty and in exile, in a cheerless, wandering, and sorrowful existence. "*La Vita Nuova*," a little book which Dante wrote probably at the age of eight-and-twenty, in which he relates both in prose and verse the emotions of his love for Beatrice.

is an inimitable little book of gentleness, purity, delicacy, of sweet and sad thoughts, loving as the note of the dove, ethereal as the perfume of flowers; and that pen, which in later years resembled a sword in the hand of Dante, here delineates their aspect, as Raphael might have done with his pencil. There are pages—those, for example, where is related the dream of Beatrice—the prose of which is a finished model of language and style, far beyond the best pages of Boccaccio.

With this experience on the page of history, we are the more readily impressed with the opinion of Sir Samuel Romilly, who said: "There is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman." The transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond ordinary conception. Strange indeed that women should forget their power—to win the world by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue. "Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth only to mark the track which leads to heaven." True, the world is full of sorrow and of misery, wrong and fraud and ill-doing abound everywhere; but there is much that is good and beautiful, the world teems with objects to gladden the eye and warm the heart. There are

ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief; but with woman's influence the majority of the ills and evils that afflict humanity might be avoided. All that is needed for this purpose, with the Divine blessing, is the exercise of friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness—which is specially the work and mission of woman. The sphere of her labours may be bounded by her home, but the dwellers in that home go forth into the world and carry the aroma and influence received from kindly looks and warm hearts. Many are mournful and miserable who might be bright and elastic with happiness. That which is needed is not opportunity—the opportunity lies everywhere—it is the disposition, the will and desire which are wanting.

The poet has summarized woman's influence in lines which are not less true than beautiful:—

“ Oh! what were Man in dark misfortune's hour,
 Without her cherishing aid?—A nerveless thing,
 Sinking ignobly 'neath the passing power
 Of every blast of Fortune. She can bring
 'A balm for every wound.' As when the shower
 More heavily falls, the bird of eve will sing
 In richer notes; sweet is woman's voice
 When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice.”

There is not, perhaps, in the annals of domestic life, a more interesting scene, or one more pregnant with influence, than the incidents attending the

death of John Brown, the pious Edinburgh carrier. He was one of the men who were killed by the inhuman Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee, because he would not disclose the hiding-place of a preacher who had recently been with him in his humble cottage. Professor Wilson has beautifully and touchingly described the scene: "Early in the morning the cottage of John Brown was surrounded by a troop of dragoons, with Clavers at their head. John, who had probably a presentiment of what might happen, urged his wife and daughter to stay within doors, insisting that as the soldiers were, in all likelihood, in search of some other individual, he should soon be able to dismiss them. By this time the noise, occasioned by the trampling and neighing of horses, commingling with the hoarse and husky laugh and vociferations of the dragoons, had brought John, half-dressed and in his night-cap, to the door. Clavers immediately accosted him by name; and in a manner peculiar to himself, intended for something betwixt the expression of fun and irony, he proceeded to make inquiries respecting one 'Samuel Aitken, a godly man and a minister of the Word, one outrageously addicted to prayer.' John admitted at once that the worthy person referred to was not unknown to him, asserting, however, at the same time, that of his present residence, or place of hiding, he was not free to speak. 'No doubt, no doubt,' rejoined the questioner; 'you, to

be sure, know nothing!—how should you, all innocence and ignorance as you are? But here is a chip of the old block, which may probably recollect better, and save us the trouble of blowing out her father's brains, just by way of making him remember a little more accurately. You, my little farthing rush-light,' continued he, alighting from his horse, and seizing the girl rudely and with prodigious force by the wrists, 'you remember an old man with a long beard and a bald head, who was here a few days ago, baptizing your sister, and giving much good advice to father and mother, and who is now within a few miles of this house, just up in a nice snug cave in the glen there, to which you can readily and instantly conduct us, you know?' The girl looked first at her mother, who had now advanced to the door-way, then at her father, and latterly drooped her head, and continued to preserve a complete silence. 'And so,' continued the questioner, 'you are dumb; you cannot speak; your tongue is a little obstinate or so, and you must not tell family secrets. But what think you, my little chick, of speaking with your fingers, of having a pat, and a proper, and a pertinent answer just ready, my love, at your finger ends, as one may say? As the Lord lives, and as my soul lives, but this will make a dainty nosegay [displaying a thumbkin or finger-screw] for my sweet little Covenanter; and then, and then [applying the instrument of torture,

meanwhile, and adjusting it to the thumb], you will have no manner of trouble whatever in recollecting yourself; it will just come to you like the lug of a stoup; and don't knit your brows so,' (for the pain had become insufferable), 'then we shall have you chatty and amusing, I warrant.'

"The mother, who could stand this no longer, rushed upon the brutal executioner, and with expostulations, threats, and the most impassioned entreaties, endeavoured to relax the questioner's twist. 'Can *you*, mistress, recollect anything of this man we are in quest of?' resumed Clavers, haughtily; 'it may save us *both* some trouble, and your daughter a continuance and increase of her present suffering, if you will just have the politeness to make us acquainted with what you happen to know upon the subject. The poor woman seemed for an instant to hesitate; and her daughter looked most piteously and distractedly into her countenance, as if expectant and desirous of respite, through her mother's compliance. 'Woman!' exclaimed her husband, in a tone of indignant surprise, 'hast thou so soon forgot thy God? and shall the fear of any thing which man can do induce thee to betray innocent blood?' He said no more; but he had said enough, for from that instant the whole tone of his wife's feelings was changed, and her soul was wound up, as if by the hand of Omnipotence, into resolution and daring. 'Bravo!' exclaimed the arch-

persecutor, 'bravo ! old Canticles, thou word'st it well ; and so you three pretty innocents have laid your holy heads together, and you have resolved to die, should it so please God and us, with a secret in your breast, and a lie in your mouth, like the rest of your psalm-singing, hypocritical, canting sect, rather than discover guid Mr. Aitken !—pious Mr. Aitken—worthy Mr. Aitken ! But we shall see what light this little telescope of mine will afford upon the subject,' pointing at the sametime to a carbine or holster pistol, which hung suspended from the saddle of his horse. 'This cold frosty morning requires that one,' continued Clavers, 'should be employed, were it for no other purpose than just to gain heat by the exercise. And so, old Pragmatical, in order that you may not catch cold by so early an exposure to the keen air, we will take the liberty' (hereupon the whole troop gathered round and presented muskets), 'for the benefit of society, and for the honour and safety of the king, never to speak of the glory of God and the good of souls, simply and unceremoniously, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner imaginable, to *blow out your brains*.

"John Brown dropped down instantly, and as it were instinctively, upon his knees, whilst his wife stood by in seeming composure ; and his daughter had happily become insensible to all external objects and transactions whatever. 'What !' exclaimed Clavers, 'and so you must pray too, to be sure, and

we shall have a last speech and a dying testimony. lifted up in the presence of peat stacks, and clay walls, and snow-wreaths ; but as these are pretty stanch and confirmed loyalists, I do not care though we intrust you with five minutes of devotional exercise, provided you steer clear of king, council, and Richard Cameron—so proceed, good John, but be short and pithy. My lambs are not accustomed to long prayers, nor will they readily soften under the pathetic whining of your devotions.’ But in this last surmise Clavers was for once mistaken, for the prayer of this poor and uneducated man ascended that morning in expressions at once so earnest, so devout, and so overpoweringly pathetic, that deep silence succeeded at last to oaths and ribaldry ; and as the following concluding sentences were pronounced, there were evident marks of better and relenting feelings. ‘ And now, guid Lord,’ continued this death-doomed and truly Christian sufferer, ‘ since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and since it is thy good and rightful pleasure that I should serve thee better and love thee more elsewhere, I leave this puir widow woman, with the helpless and fatherless children, upon thy hands. We have been happy in each other here, and now that we are to part for a while, we maun e’en look forward to a more perfect and enduring happiness hereafter. And as for the puir blindfolded and infatuated creatures, the present ministers of thy

will, Lord reclaim them from the error and evil of their courses ere it be too late ; and may they who have sat in judgment and in oppression in this lonely place, and on this blessed morning, and upon a puir, weak, defenceless, fellow-creature, find that mercy at last from thee which they have this day refused to thy unworthy but faithful servant.— Now, Isabel,' continued this defenceless and amiable martyr, 'the time is come at last of which, you know, I told you on that day when first I proposed to unite hand and heart with yours ; and are you willing, for the love of God and his rightful authority, to part with me thus ?' To which the poor woman replied, with perfect composure, 'The Lord gave, and he taketh away. I have had a sweet loan of you, my dear John, and I can part with you for his sake, as freely as I parted with a mouthful of meat to the hungry, or a night's lodging to the weary and benighted traveller.' So saying, she approached her still kneeling and blindfolded husband, clasped him round the neck, kissed and embraced him closely, and then lifting up her person into an attitude of determined endurance, and eyeing from head to foot every soldier who stood with his carbine levelled, she retired slowly and firmly to the spot she had formerly occupied.

" 'Come, come, let's have no more of this whining work,' interrupted Clavers suddenly. 'Soldiers, do your duty.' But the words fell upon a circle of

statues ; and though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger ! There ensued an awful pause, through which a 'God Almighty bless your tender hearts !' was heard coming from the lips of the *now* agitated and almost distracted wife. But Clavers was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle close to the ear of his victim. There was a momentary murmur of discontent and of disapprobation amongst the men as they looked upon the change which a single instant had effected ; and even 'Red Rob,' though a Covenanting slug still stuck smartingly in his shoulder, had the hardihood to mutter, loud enough to be heard, 'Well, this is too bad !' The widow of John Brown gave one, and but one, shriek of horror as the fatal engine exploded ; and then, addressing herself leisurely, as if to the discharge of some ordinary domestic duty, she began to unfold a napkin from her neck. 'What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now ?' vociferated Clavers, returning at the same time the pistol with a plunge into the holster from which it had been extracted. 'I had always good reason,' replied the woman, firmly and deliberately, 'to think weel of him, and I think mair of him now than ever. But how will Graham

of Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning's work?' continued the respondent firmly. 'To man,' answered the ruffian, 'I can be answerable; and as to God, I will take him in my own hands.' He then marched off, and left her with the corpse. She spread the napkin leisurely upon the snow, gathered up the scattered fragments of her husband's head, covered his body with a plaid, and sitting down with her youngest and yet unbaptized infant, wept bitterly." That little cottage and its sorrowful inmates have long been removed from the heath and the moor, but the influence of the noble heroism of that poor woman will never lose its lustre—will never fail, whenever the tale is told, to quicken sympathy for the bereaved widow, and the utterance of prayers for the preservation of the land from any similar scene of horrible cruelty. What are the petty cares and disappointments of ordinary life in comparison to the great trial of John Brown's wife? Who is not influenced by the recital of the sad incidents to endurance and determination, and especially to seek the support and protection of that God who gave her almost supernatural power to witness the inhuman slaughter of her husband?

An instance of more immediate and direct influence is furnished in the intercourse of Miss Marsh with the "navvies," when the works at the Sydenham Crystal Palace were commenced. Of these rough men there were about three thousand

engaged, and about two hundred were lodged in the small village of Beckenham, of which place Miss Marsh's father was the vicar. Thinking it desirable to know something of the habits of the navvies, Miss Marsh went to the cottages one Sunday evening, and entered into conversation with some of the men. After telling them of the subject of the morning's sermon, which had special reference to the death of an esteemed medical man of the neighbourhood, one of them said, "Well, ma'am, it's a beautiful story, but, in a measure, it passes by me, because I don't believe the Bible." He gave as his reason: "Because I read in the Bible that God is a God of love, and yet that he has prepared from all eternity a place of torment for us poor, pitiful creatures." Miss Marsh read and explained the passage, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom *prepared for you* from the foundation of the world;" and added that those who rejected salvation would at the last day hear the dreadful words, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, *prepared for the devil and his angels.*"—"Well," said the navvie, "I do see that in a different way from what I thought before. But now, look here: I am a poor fellow—don't pretend nor profess—yet I have a quarrel with a mate—feel to hate him—will drub him the next time we light on one another;—I think better of it—offer him half my bread and cheese when we've chance of meeting—and we're friends. Now, why

can't God do a generous action like that, and forgive us outright?"—Miss Marsh then, in a few simple words, told the story of the Cross, and concluded with the words, "'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' He is drawing nigh. *He is come to you now.* He is speaking these words of his own by my feeble lips. Are you willing to let him save you?"—"I am, I am," he said, with fervour, drawing his chair nearer the speaker. "I never thought of him before but as an angry God. You make him out a friend."—"And so you will find God a friend," was the reply, "when you read his Word. But I want you to kneel down and join me in praying that God would give you his Holy Spirit from this hour, that these better thoughts and feelings may not pass away. Shall I pray with you?"—"I should like it. But *this* man," pointing to one behind him, "never opens his mouth but to swear!"—"But he will open it to *pray* now; will you not, my friend?"—"Yes." Then they all knelt down; broken sobs burst from them, telling how powerfully they were influenced by the prayer of the affectionate intercessor. On leaving, Miss Marsh requested them to read the Bible together. When she retired, the navvie took down the landlady's Bible, and opened it at the third of John.

It was ^{*}with no common feelings that Miss Marsh left the cottage, lingering at the door to hear the full tones of the man's earnest voice ; truly might she thank God and take courage. And this was the commencement of an intercourse of many months, which resulted in cottage meetings, and delightful experiences, proving the power of religion to change the hardest heart. Miss Marsh concludes her most interesting and invigorating journal in these words :—"A traveller was crossing mountain heights alone, over almost untrodden snows. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself ; in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate, his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that ; although no stone could be colder, or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body, half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his chest, and hands, and brow ; breathing upon the stiff cold lips the warm breath of his living soul, pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own gener-

ous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, warmth, and energy. He was a MAN again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die.


“ ‘He saved his brother, and was saved himself.’

“ ‘Go thou,’ in the strength of the Lord and Giver of life, ‘and do likewise.’ ”

XVI.

In Taste.

"Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness ; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence, all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments, they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision ; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration."—CARLYLE.

ASTE is fitness of things. It may be seen in the cottage as well as in the palace ; and may be more the possession of a peasant than of a peeress. Many a girl will put on a cotton shawl, costing only a few shillings, with so much taste that the humble garment seems the only possible addition to the dress ; while others, with a profusion of costly apparel, seem successful only in the selection of things which do not harmonize. Fashion has, certainly, much to do with taste ; while taste very frequently has little to do with fashion. It is thought that the costume of the savage is the result of ignorance ; and yet the absurdities of his dress are equalled if not exceeded by people who boast the highest and most advanced

civilization. What should we think of the savage wearing shoes projecting half a yard beyond his feet, or exchanging his own locks for an enormous periwig filled with powder and pomatum ; and his "squaw" wearing a tower of linen and wire half a yard high, with draperies flowing from the top to the floor ? And yet such was the fashion and the dress at one time of the most civilized nation in the world ! Not unfrequently some enormity in dress has been invented to conceal a personal deformity ; and then the bones and muscles of an entire people must be made to conform to the false standard of taste. This absurdity in China is frequently the subject of remark, but the compressed feet of the Chinese are not more hurtful to health and happiness than many more familiar customs at home, which have only given place to customs more injurious. The peaked shoes were followed by shoes the length of the foot, and as broad as they were long. At one time men were accustomed to wear their coats so short that they seemed like boys' jackets ; then, going to the opposite extreme, they were worn so long and full that they seemed like the attire of women. Women's sleeves were worn so full that it was needful, so that the wearer might not tread upon them, to tie them in knots—nine yards of cloth was considered a moderate quantity for each sleeve ; then another extreme was adopted, and they were made as tight as the skin, and reached only as far as

the elbow. Certainly it almost seemed to be the sole condition of dress which prevailed for centuries that it should be unsightly and uncomfortable, and incommoded with costly and useless appendages.

Another strange extreme was witnessed in the enormous hoop-petticoats which prevailed in England for nearly two hundred years; and then the fashion, imported from France, of wearing white muslin dresses of the scantiest dimensions, drawn closely round the figure, with the shortest possible waists, and not a fold or a plait that could form any drapery. It has long been a question in dispute whether there really is any standard of taste—every fashion, it is contended, for the time being seems the best. This is not so, however, as some dresses when not in fashion are more becoming than those that are; and others, when going out of fashion, are pronounced hideous. And then, too—and this is a tribute to taste—many pretty shapes and dresses come back again periodically; and were it not for the constant demand for something new, they would never be laid aside. Perhaps the most excellent tribute to taste was paid by Dr. Johnson, who, when praising a lady's appearance, said she was so perfectly well dressed he could not recollect anything she had on. Taste would, therefore, exclude from dress all flashy and gaudy ornaments, and would select articles that commended themselves by their adaptation for the end intended. A garment

should certainly not be judged of independently of the existing fashion, but taste should suggest such a modification as not to make a sacrifice of utility and beauty. It is not quite true that it is as well to be out of the world as to be out of the fashion : good sense and taste will always prevent oddity and peculiarity, and at the same time conserve such styles as are best adapted for comfort and convenience.

Dr. Spurzheim observed of the American ladies, that they were deficient in the organ of colour, and said that, on landing in New York, he was shocked to see ladies wearing, indiscriminately, all the colours of the rainbow, without regard to their complexions, or the season of the year, and often with pink, blue, and yellow on at the same time. "In nothing is the taste of the Parisians more conspicuous than in the skilful selection of colours ; but there must be a sad want of taste for the fine arts, when ladies are to be seen with pink ribbons on their bonnets, and blue shawls on their shoulders, while their hands display yellow gloves and green bags ; when we witness sallow complexions contrasted with sky-blue, and flushed cheeks surrounded by the hues of the rose, and pale ones made to appear more colourless by green linings." This attention to dress cannot be said to be useless, as it tends to the comfort of the wearer and to the enjoyment of the on-looker ; that which is to be avoided is allowing the atten-

tion to be too much absorbed by dress, as if its selection were a matter of life moment, and its correct arrangement an absolute necessity. Very plain persons are frequently seen wearing very plain clothes, who, from some cause, marvellously attract. But this attraction will be found in manner and personal qualities, which override the most *outré* dress. Not merely those who have attained to eminence, and who may therefore select any dress which whim or caprice may dictate, and any dress they may wear will seem the most appropriate; but very ordinary persons, who have a pleasant and amiable disposition, do not need to study the fit and colour of dress in order to win esteem. Goodness is the secret of good looks; and goodness, like a grateful perfume, is owned by the senses, and makes joyous the path and life of its owner.

The taste which controls manners will prevent any indulgence in habits which are offensive to others, or which cause inconvenience. Taste is agreement and harmony in words as much as in works. Hence some persons have a wonderful ease and facility in using choice words; and even in common conversation their sentences are so elegant and appropriate that they seem as if they had been previously carefully prepared. This mainly is the result of habit; occasioned by attention, in the first instance, to the value and euphony of words and sentences. Taste necessarily excludes all hard and harsh sounds,

all low and vulgar words, and instinctively seizes upon the expressions that most easily and delightfully affect the ear and the heart. And true taste also dictates not only the manner of conversation, but the subject. Instead of vulgar personal gossip, which is so much concerned with detraction, and which so dulls and injures the moral sense, there is the exercise of sensibility and feeling, or, in other words, of taste; so that in the selection of topics of conversation all subjects are avoided which have the slightest tendency to wound or disturb the feelings of any taking part in it. Taste also will direct and control the conversation, so that it may not be absorbed by one person to the exclusion of others present. Taste in this respect, and in a thousand directions, is "the doing to others as we would have others do to us." This rule, simple as it is, is the most perfect arbiter of taste—it never misleads or makes a mistake—because it never injures or offends; and that is taste. "Some women are not naturally beautiful—in fact, nature has done nothing for them; but they have learned to give society its charms, and elegance all its advantages. They succeed by the simple determination to be amiable, not to one person only, but to every one, to an old aunt, a young cousin, a lad from school, a stupid clown—in short to all into whose company they are habitually thrown. They have the art of making the first impression favourable, and of leaving an enchanting

souvenir. A head-dress like a great-grandmother's, though it is made of serpent lace; a silk dress of a frightful colour, and covered with heavy and ill-chosen trimmings; ill-made shoes, *qui ont l'air bete*; noisy bracelets, like lap-dogs' collars; rings like a showman's; handkerchiefs frightfully overloaded with work and lace; bouquets of violets, which smell of ditch water; flower-stands with artificial flowers; furniture heavy and awkward; chairs like church-stalls—are evidences of a vulgar, ill-educated mind and want of feeling." "I do not undervalue," says the author of a modern work on English life, "beauty and intellect; but I wish to impress on my fair readers, that true beauty consists in the desire to please, and that the plain woman who studies to do so will be considered beautiful."

Taste in the choice and arrangement of furniture may be as pleasurablely exercised as in the selection of dress. This is specially woman's province; instinctively she knows the place for the sofa, for the large chair, the exact spot for the table; and when she has disposed the ornaments, the covers, and the pictures, if she has taste, every article seems almost to have been made and designed for its position. Some rooms, owing to the quantity of furniture put in them, seem like brokers' stores; other rooms, with very little furniture, please by their harmony and fitness. Taste is always allied to suitability; and ornament is most in place when it deco-

rates the useful. And that, too, which true taste demands is the real, and not the appearance of the real. "Nobody wants ornaments in this world," says Ruskin; "but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied, are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood." The same eloquent author, in his denunciation of cheap meretricious ornament, the result of, and called into existence by false taste, says: "One thing we have in our power, the doing without machine ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals, and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation—all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honour—are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser; they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment; they will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and

shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense to come between it and the things it rules; and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace and rolling of the wheel."—This is perhaps going to the other extreme; but taste worthy of the name demands truth in ornament as much as truth in words and truth in actions. And he who is true to the instincts of his nature, although he may not have had any wise or liberal culture, cannot be without taste.

XVII.

In Victory and Achievement.

.....“Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves ;
And without that, the conqueror is nought
But the first slave.” THOMSON.

DE QUINCEY, in his essay upon Joan of Arc, says, “Woman, sister, there are some things which you do not execute so well as your brother, man ; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar.” As well and as wisely might woman have retorted, “Nor will you, write as you may, ever become a Shakespeare, a Sir Walter Scott, or a Lord Byron. True, that which they could not do, you have done ; and that which you could not do, they have done.” And so of woman—she does some things which man cannot do, he does others which she cannot hope to attain. It is idle, then, to set the sexes in opposition—they are not equal, and yet neither is the superior of the other :—

“For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man :
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world .
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care ;
More as the double-natured poet, each ;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.”

While it is admitted, therefore, that a Shakespeare will never be found amongst women, as it is equally doubtful whether such another universal genius will be found amongst men, yet the achievements of women, since the days of “good Queen Bess,” have been such as to demand the respect and admiration of men, however intellectually gifted they may be. Surely Sir Edwin Landseer would accord to Rosa Bonheur no second place amongst the most eminent animal painters, not only of the present day, but of any day? And Shakespeare would have acknowledged, had he lived in our time, that Mrs. Browning was a great poet. “We call her,” says a modern writer, “the greatest woman-poet of whom we have any record. Not a complete and perfect poet, by any means ; but great in virtue of her noble fire of passion, her inspired rush of energy, which vitalizes wherever it moves, and the good, true, loving heart, that beats through all her works, thrilling tenderly or heaving mightily. We often

think it would astonish many writers of the past who have been very much over-praised, and who got their fame just in time, if they could see what is being done in our day, and has been done since theirs. They would be surprised to find what a wealth of delight there was in human life which they left untouched; what depths of sorrow they never sounded; what heights of felicity they never attained, or even saw clear of the mist; what new lands and waste places have been brought into cultivation; what new worlds have been discovered—Australias and Californias of literature, rich in virgin gold. Not only would they be startled at the new mines opened, but also at the manner of working them. The closer contact, the clearer observation, and fuller detail, would seem quite as marvellous as the ampler range. And so, if a poetess like Sappho could but see the wealth of poetry poured forth profusely by Mrs. Browning—see what we demand now-a-days before we apply the name of Poet—see the long years of lonely toil, the slow accumulation of results, the variety and combination of mental powers required,—we can fancy that she would shrink from her own fame.”

And this is so in other regions besides that of poetry. The fiction which passed current and was successful twenty-five years ago, would not now find a printer; and certainly, if printed, would not pay the expenses of publication. The demand has

gone on increasing for a higher and more elevated standard of excellence; and yet woman has been found equal to the most severe exaction; and coming after the most eminent authors, has produced works which must live as evidence of the genius of the nineteenth century. "We have had fiery little Charlotte Brontë emerging from those lonely Yorkshire wolds, with the wild Celtic blood working weirdly in her English veins; the magnetic sparkle of uneasy light kindling her eye, and holding the whole nation to listen to every word of her strange, startling story. We have seen George Eliot lay hold of life with a large hand, look at it with a large eye, feel it with a large heart. We have seen her lifting the film of familiarity, and making the most commonplace lives most interesting. The low, barren flats of life have been enriched by her humour, and quickened by her loving smile, until they have become more fertile than the most highly-cultivated plots of literature. And we have acknowledged that, within novelist limits, she is almost a prose Shakespeare for her knowledge of human nature, and her power in delineating character."

And not less than Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell occupies a foremost place as a moral writer; for while her works achieved a circulation as wide as the domain of literature, they were as pure as they were humanizing in their

tendency. Mrs. Gaskell possessed not only the rarest literary gifts, but that which is of higher value—the graces of a very noble woman. She owned in a high degree the tenderest pathos, the gentlest humour, the most delicate perception—which nothing could escape—a sympathy which embraced all suffering, and wishes and desires as moral and as true as the teaching of the Master. Like all noble women, she lived for others, and not for herself; and found her chief happiness in works of mercy and useful charity. Many a young author, struggling amid the difficulties and discouragements of a first literary venture, found in Mrs. Gaskell not only kindly assurance and sympathy, but, when needed, substantial aid, given in the most unostentatious manner, which materially added to the interest of the gift. The poor of Manchester, to whom her delicate sympathy made her a welcome guest, have reason gratefully to cherish her memory. Thomas Wright, “the prison philanthropist,” in his efforts to obtain work for discharged prisoners, always looked to her as one of his most cordial and reliable helpers. She was accustomed to invite a number of the eldest girls from the Lower Mosley Street Sunday School, to meet her at her own home once a month, on the Sunday afternoon, when she read and talked with them; and, as one of the girls expressed it, “seemed to divine what was in our hearts before we spoke it.” She also gave up

the Saturday evening, for the purpose of teaching them geography and English history. No wonder that those girls should treasure the memory of Mrs. Gaskell! And then, when that sad calamity the cotton famine dawned upon Lancashire, notwithstanding that at that time she was absorbingly engaged in her various literary labours, those who knew her best knew how devotedly she attended in one of the sewing-schools established in Manchester, taking an active part in the management, and teaching and reading to the poor factory girls and women whom those schools endeavoured to rescue from the temptations of that hard, sad time. When Mrs. Gaskell died, not only was a very brilliant authoress removed from her place, but many hundreds of the poor of Manchester lost a warm and a much-attached friend.

Madame Dacier, while possessing most extraordinary attainments, the wonder and admiration of the most eminent men of her day, was not less notable for her modesty and good sense. According to the celebrated Boileau-Despréaux, she far surpassed her eminent husband in learning. Her father, Monsieur Lefevre, was a Greek professor, who taught his son Greek and Latin while she was sitting in the room engaged with her needle, when she caught up the instruction with great rapidity, giving the proper answer when her brother was unable to do so. Her father, seeing her extraordinary aptitude, decided

upon bestowing upon her a learned education; and his expectations relative to his daughter's powers were not disappointed. At the age of twenty-three, she published an edition of Callimachus with notes, and was afterwards employed by the Duke of Montausier in the Delphin editions. She married Monsieur Dacier in 1683, and several of her works were afterwards published in conjunction with her husband. Her second work was an edition of Florus; third, Dictys Cretensis; fourth, Sextus Aurelius; fifth, Anacreon and Sappho; sixth, Eutropius; seventh, Translations of Plautus; eighth, Translations of Aristophanes; ninth, Translation of Terence; tenth, Translation of two of Plutarch's Lives; eleventh, Translation of the Iliad; twelfth, Causes de la Corruption du Goût; thirteenth, Homère Defendu; fourteenth, Translation of the Odyssey. Such a list would be to any man of eminence the evidence of a long and a laborious life. That, however, which became Madame Dacier more than her great attainments, was the modesty and simplicity of her life. She is recorded to have been eminently domestic and exemplary in the discharge of the duties of ordinary life. So far from being intoxicated with the applause bestowed upon her talents and acquirements, she was diffident and retiring to an almost unexampled degree. Upon one occasion, being asked by a German nobleman to write her name in a book which he had appropriated for the

reception of the handwriting of celebrated persons, she steadily refused. At length, overcome by his importunity, she yielded to his request, but placed after her name a verse of Sophocles, signifying that silence is suited to women. Though frequently urged to make her meditations of Scripture public, she always declined, alleging that the publication of such a work would be an infringement of St. Paul's injunction, that women are to learn in silence, and not to teach. She was accustomed in the coldest winter to rise at five in the morning to pursue her studies. This excellent and remarkable woman, who was as celebrated for firmness, generosity, good-nature, and piety, as for her literary attainments, lived until her sixty-ninth year. She was selected by the Academy of Ricovrati, at Padua, to form one of their body ; and learned men of all countries vied with each other in doing her honour.

But Madame Dacier is not alone among women in classical and intellectual attainments. Queen Katharine Parr, in addition to many valuable original works, was engaged upon a translation of the Paraphrases of Erasmus on the New Testament. This translation, coming from such a quarter, must have had a most important influence on the public mind. Lady Jane Grey was as remarkable for her classical attainments, which were the admiration of Europe, as for her earnest piety ; truly did she say in her last moments, " God and posterity will show

me favour." The four daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke were also distinguished for learning and piety. Mildred, afterwards Lady Burleigh, who was deeply read in the works of the old divines, translated a piece of Chrysostom from Greek into English. The labours of Anne, wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon, were still more remarkable. In 1562, a few years after the Council of Trent had been summoned by the Pope, Bishop Jewell wrote his "Apology for the Church of England." The work instantly obtained a high reputation, but being in Latin, was locked up from the general public. The learned men of the time, being fully occupied by the controversy which then raged so furiously between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, had not the leisure needful to make a translation of the Bishop's "Apology;" in the dilemma Lady Bacon executed the task with rare elegance and fidelity. She sent a copy of her work to the Primate, and a second copy to the author, accompanied with a Greek epistle; to which the Bishop replied in the same language. The highest commendations were bestowed upon the fair translator. It is much to her honour that, with a few corrections, the translation made by her is the one in common use at this day.

But England has not had exclusive possession of rarely-endowed women. Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, remarks that women made great

progress in Greek ; and instances Alessandra Scala, and Cassandra Fidelis. Olympia Fulvia Morata was one of the most conspicuous ornaments of her sex in Italy for her learning and piety. Renée, daughter of Louis XII. of France, was also remarkable for her attainments in mathematics, astronomy, Greek, and Latin. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was one of the most learned persons in the study of the sciences in Rome, and her public lectures on philosophy were listened to by all the wise men of her time. Helena Lucretia Canaro was the most learned person in Venice in her time. She was admitted to the University at Rome, where she had the title of "Humble" given to her, in consequence of her quiet devotion to study : she had a doctor's degree conferred upon her at Padua. All who passed through Venice were more solicitous to see her than to see any of the curiosities of that city. Jane of Arago was so celebrated for her learning, wit, and courage, that a collection of poems in her praise was published at Venice, in the Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Slavonic, Polish, Hungarian, Hebrew, and Chaldean languages.

History is not less full of notable instances of achievement in personal prowess than of the conquests which women have obtained in the field of letters. It is recorded that when Barri de St. Anner, Henry the Fourth's governor of Leucate, was on a journey to the Duc de Montmorenci, he was seized

by the Spanish soldiers who were on their way to besiege that town, and who rejoiced that, having the governor in their possession, the gates of the place would readily be opened to them; but Constantia de Cecelli, the governor's wife, at once assembled the garrison, and put herself so resolutely at their head, pike in hand, that she inspired the weakest with courage, and the besiegers were repulsed wherever they presented themselves. Shame and their great loss having rendered the besiegers desperate, they sent a message to this heroic woman, telling her that if she did not surrender the city they would hang her husband. She replied, with tears in her eyes, "I have riches in abundance—I have offered them, and do still offer them all for his ransom; but I will not ignominiously purchase a life which he would reproach me with, and which he would be ashamed to enjoy. I will not dishonour him by treason against my king and country." The soldiers made another unsuccessful attack, then savagely put her husband to death and raised the siege. Henry IV. afterwards sent this lady the brevet of Governor of Leucate, with the reversion for her son. And with excellent reason.—Diodorus records of the Amazons, that they made laws compelling women to go to war; and that the right breasts of all the female children were seared with a hot iron, in order to give the freest use of the right arm in wielding the sword or in shooting

arrows ; and, as a consequence, the world has never known braver warriors. It is also recorded of the Countess of St. Belmont, that she was accustomed to take the field with her husband, and fight by his side. At home, she was not less remarkable for her affable manners and sweetness of disposition, her life being devoted to study and acts of piety. The Countess of Derby, during the struggle between the House of Stuart and the British Parliament, collected all her vassals in Latham Castle, and defended it with the most heroic bravery ; and although she was finally compelled to yield, she has notwithstanding achieved a reputation which will live as long as history chronicles noble deeds.

But deeds of courage, of endurance, and of goodness, are not confined to any one station in life ; and the only reason, probably, why the public records do not more frequently detail the heroism of humble life, is owing to the fact of its obscurity, which prevents its coming before the public eye. Occasionally, however, instances are recorded of noble deeds, which would do honour to any age or nation. A recent instance may be cited in illustration. In Prussia, as well as in Holland, captains in the merchant service, of small property, which generally consists of a little vessel commanded by themselves, make their ships their home, and live there constantly with their families, who accompany them in all their voyages. One of these Prussian captains, M.

Hesser, was recently navigating his galliot *Minerva* from Königsberg to Riga. On board his vessel were his young wife with three small children, and his crew, composed of a mate and four sailors. In the Baltic, during a violent storm in the night, while Hesser and his men were on the deck, the galliot was run into by the English merchant ship *Star*, Captain Robson. The shock of the two vessels was so great that Captain Hesser and one of his sailors were thrown against the prow of the *Star*, to which they clung, and from whence they scrambled on board that ship. The other three sailors fell into the sea, and disappeared immediately; so that there remained on the galliot only Mrs. Hesser, her three children, and the mate. The mate, unfortunately, during the accident had met with a severe fall, by which he was so seriously wounded that he was unable to work. In this state of things, Mrs. Hesser had the courage to take upon herself the charge of navigating the ship. By turns captain, mate, and sailor, using the little nautical knowledge she had been able to acquire in her former voyages, this intrepid woman succeeded, by incessant labour for eighteen hours, in gaining with her vessel the port of Riga. The native and foreign sailors of that port, having learned the courageous conduct of Mrs. Hesser, caused a medal to be struck in her honour, and the corporation of seamen at Riga presented her with four thousand francs. Captain Hesser, and the

sailors who were taken on board the *Star*, were carried by that vessel to Rotoch, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, whence they arrived safely at Riga.

A remarkable instance of woman's triumph and victory, which has had of late years many copies, occurred in 1780. A man of the name of Abraham Danford was accustomed to obtain possession of money-parcels sent by the coaches at that period. "The method," said he in confession, "which I chiefly put in practice was forging the post-marks of the different towns, which I put on a piece of paper made up as a letter, and then went to the inns where the coaches came, and heard the parcels called over, then went to a public-house near, and wrote the direction of the letter the same as was on the parcel I had fixed on. The book-keepers seeing the direction the same, and the post-mark on it, they usually gave me what I asked for on paying their demand."

The addresses on the parcels would give him some idea of their value, and in six of these thefts that he records five contained considerable sums of money. Among his first experiments was one on Messrs. Smith, Wright, and Grey, bankers, by which he got a parcel with £500 enclosed. Having carried on a considerable time with impunity, and become an adept at forging, he now practised upon the same house in another way, by forging an accepted bill,

which he lodged in the bank till it became due. This pretended bill he directed to an empty house in Water Lane, Blackfriars, and some days before it was due he hired this house, and with an impudent show of haste and anxiety, requested the keys under the pretence of getting it aired before he entered upon it. On the day on which the bill became due the bankers sent one of their clerks, William Waits, a Quaker, to pay the money to the person named in the bill. Mrs. Boucher, who lived opposite the empty house, observed two men enter and open the parlour window; and then a third person, a Quaker, knocked at the door and was admitted, when the door was closed and fastened behind him. She had a suspicion that all was not right, and kept her eye and attention fixed upon the house. Thinking that she heard a strange noise, she crossed over the street, when she soon heard the word "murder" pronounced in a hoarse, faint voice. Looking through the key-hole, she saw the unfortunate Quaker being dragged down the steps. On this she screamed out to the passers-by that they were murdering a man within the house; and while she knocked violently at the door, she called to the people in the street to break it open, but no one seemed to pay attention. Enraged at their stupidity, she broke open the parlour window herself, and as she was forcing her way through, one of the villains, who had been interrupted and alarmed by the knocking, opened

the door, and was running off at full speed. The crowd followed, and soon made him their prisoner. The other ruffian Mrs. Boucher herself seized by the throat, and dragged him across the street to her own house. The poor clerk had first been robbed of his pocket-book, and then, in order to stop his cries, would certainly have been murdered, but for the active interference of Mrs. Boucher. The prisoners expiated their great crime at Tyburn, where, with several others, they were executed. The remembrance of this action must have brightened and ennobled the remainder of the days of that valorous woman.

* A much more pleasurable instance of achievement, because unassociated with blood, came into prominent notice during the Prince of Wales' visit to America. On that occasion he attended many entertainments got up to do him honour, when he danced with the accomplished wives of Governors Morgan of New York and Banks of Massachusetts. Both these women had been work-girls; the one had earned her daily bread as a milliner, and the other in the more laborious but not less respectable employment of a factory operative. They both married working men; the first, in early life, being a clerk; while the other worked in a machine shop in New England. Mrs. Banks, it is said, particularly interested the Prince by her brilliant conversation.

The instances we have cited of achievement, of

victory over circumstances, are not such as can be witnessed by most girls and young women. To some extent we have got beyond the days of heroes and heroines, when any one could stand prominently out from daily life by notable and extraordinary actions ; but we have not got to the time, nor ever shall, when in this world there will be no necessity for the exercise of virtue, of long-suffering, of patience and endurance, of continued effort and endeavour—without which the word “heroism” is an empty sound. In these respects every condition of life is full of opportunity ; the servant of “all-work,” the girl in the shop or warehouse, earning daily bread, may be a heroine ; and the lady in her carriage, upon whom Fortune has showered her favours, who makes the best and not the worst of her opportunities, may not be less.

“ The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great.”

XVIII.

In the Higher and Holier Life.

"Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *from* the world ; yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *in* the world."—MRS. JAMESON.



HERE is only one life, which is a happy life, which can be lived in this world. There are thousands of methods of living, but only one which secures true enjoyment—the religious life. Dr. Gordon, the father-in-law of the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., said when he was upon his death-bed : “ All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated ; but I found no peace till I came to the gospel as a little child—till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable. I saw there was no good deed in myself. Though I had spent hours in examining my conduct, I found nothing I had done would give me real satisfaction. It was always mixed up with something selfish. But when I came to the gospel as a child, the Holy

Spirit seemed to fill my heart. I then saw my selfishness in all its vivid deformity, and I found there was no acceptance with God, and no happiness, except through the blessed Redeemer. I stripped off all my own deeds, threw them aside—went to him naked. He received me, as he promised he would, and preserved me to the Father: then I felt joy unspeakable, and all fear of death at once vanished." Upon another occasion the excellent Doctor said: "I had no idea there could be such happiness. It is by simply coming to Christ. If you ever meet with men of intellect and study, ask them what they want. It is happiness. Tell them, that to get it they must come to the foot of the cross. They can never get it by reasoning; and I am sure if Christians would take all their burdens to Christ, and take them continually, they would not have so many doubts and fears."

The want of happiness by the merely intellectual was well exhibited by a celebrated professor in one of the German universities, whose unconcern for religion did not make him overlook the religious culture of his children. On being questioned as to the reason, he said, "It is because I wish my children may enjoy more peace of mind, and more content in this life, than has ever fallen to my lot; and this they can only obtain by possessing more faith than myself." How confirmatory are the words of the great master-thinker, Coleridge, of this

truth ! “ I have known,” said he, “ what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow, and with all the experience that threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing, and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives ; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian.” And the great Lavater, whose name is known the world over, said : “ Believe me, I speak it deliberately, and with full conviction : I have enjoyed many of the comforts of life, none of which I esteem lightly : often have I been charmed with the beauties of Nature, and refreshed with her bountiful gifts : I have spent many an hour in sweet meditation, and in reading the most valuable productions of the wisest men : I have often been delighted with the ingenious, sensible, and exalted characters ; my eyes have been powerfully attracted by the finest productions of human art, and my ears by enchanting melodies : I have found pleasure when calling into activity the powers of my mind ; when residing in my own native land, or travelling through foreign parts ; when surrounded by large and splendid companies ; still more, when moving in the small, endearing circle of my own family :

yet, to speak the truth before God, who is my Judge, I must confess I know not any joy that is so dear to me, that so fully satisfies the inmost desires of my mind, that so enlivens, refines, and elevates my whole nature, as that which I derive from religion—from faith in God, as one who is not only the Parent of men, but has condescended as a brother to clothe himself with our nature. Nothing affords me a greater delight than a solid hope that I partake of his favours, and rely on his never-failing support and protection. He who has been so often my hope, my refuge, my confidence, when I stood upon the brink of an abyss where I could not move one step forward—He who in answer to my prayer has helped me when every prospect of help vanished—that God who has safely conducted me, not merely through flowery paths, but likewise across precipices and burning sands;—may this God be thy God, thy refuge, and thy comfort, as he has been mine.”

The devoted Martyn gives his experience not less powerfully. “Let me praise God,” said he, “for having turned me from a life of woe to the enjoyment of peace and hope. The work is real. I can no more doubt it than I can doubt my existence; the whole current of my desires is altered; I am walking quite another way, though I am necessarily stumbling in that way.” Most beautifully and eloquently does the eminent philosopher, Sir Humphry Davy, who had every facility and advantage

which intellect and wealth could procure, attest the truth and value of religion as a means of happiness. "Religion, whether natural or revealed," said he, "has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health, and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that which it exalts; but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt. When submission in faith, and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation, then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct; and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves; it appears as that evening star of light in the horizon of life which we are sure is to become, in another season, a morning star, and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death."

Will anything in the gift of the world do this? Will wealth, excitement, sensuous pleasure do this? He that has had the most extended experience of "gaining the whole world," is compelled to confess that the world is vanity, and that it cannot minister to the wants and the desires of the soul that longs to be at peace—at peace with God. Strive as we

may, surround ourselves with what pleasures we may, there is always a void in the heart, until the "love of God" fills it—until all life is lived as in the eye of the Father, and every action is done to him and for him. Life is often wasted, far spent before this truth is learned, and the poor wandering mourner goes flitting from scene to scene in the hope of finding some "good;" but when the full blaze of truth dawns upon the mind, and the gospel of Christ is received into the heart, all life assumes a new and more glorious aspect, objects and purposes are changed, and there is in the daily service of God a fulness of joy which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away.

"Come then, Religion, holy, heaven-born maid,
Thou surest refuge in our day of trouble;
To thy great guidance, to thy strong protection,
I give myself."

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